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NOTES.

WHILST Mr. Balfour and Lord George Hamilton are busy discussing "the question of honour" with regard to the retention of Chitral, we are slowly drifting towards that annexation of the territory of the tribesmen which is the necessary outcome of the "forward policy" on the Indian frontier. We are loth to believe that the Government will dare to carry out the policy to its logical conclusion in the face of such a body of adverse and authoritative opinion as recent events have called forth. But they are mistaken if they think that any middle course is possible between annexation and a frank return to our former policy and our former frontier, though Lord George Hamilton's speech the other day would seem to indicate that some such middle course is to be attempted. Whatever may be the truth about the question of honour, there is no dispute that the Government when they came into office deliberately reversed the policy of their predecessors with regard to Chitral, and there are few people who do not perceive that we are now reaping the consequences of that initial mistake in the present frontier war.

It is also becoming clearer, as time goes on, that Lord Roberts is the man who is mainly responsible for the adoption of the forward policy by the Indian Government. Lieut.-General M'Leod Innes, in the current number of the "Fortnightly Review," takes us back to the very fount and origin of the present troubles. Lord Roberts drew up a memo on the military position in India, and the arrangements which would be necessary if Russia continued her advance south of the Oxus. This note Lord Napier sent to Lord Beaconsfield, who in turn handed it over to Lord Lytton. When the latter became Viceroy, he took up Lord Roberts and brought him forward as the great hope of India. Lord Roberts was naturally disposed to champion his benefactor's ideas, and lent all the weight of his military authority to the policy Lord Lytton adopted with regard to the frontier.

It seems more than probable that M. Zola will turn out to be right when he declared his belief in the innocence of Captain Dreyfus. We hear, indeed, on what should be good authority, that the French Minister of War, in private conversations, acknowledges the convict's innocence. "Il vaut mieux sacrifier un homme que le conseil de guerre," appears to be General Billot's defence; but, thank goodness, we have outgrown this curish morality. As M. Zola says, "the only honourable part to play, if a mistake has been committed, is to repair it." The mistake in this instance is a terrible one; for we hear that the unfortunate man is confined in an iron cage like a wild beast. So fearful are the authorities that he may escape. Surely General Billot will not defend torture as well as injustice.

Everybody has been busy explaining away Lord Salisbury's violent attack on the London County Council. Mr. Ritchie at Croydon on Tuesday, and the London Municipal Society on Saturday last, both rushed in to assure us that Lord Salisbury's words must not be taken as announcing the intention of the Government to abolish the central governing body for London, which a Conservative Government itself set up. Then at Birmingham on Wednesday, Mr. Chamberlain assured the good citizens of his model municipality that "nobody in his senses would propose to abolish the County Council." Nevertheless he fell into exactly the same error as Lord Salisbury. Both he and the Prime Minister believe that there are a large number of powers possessed by the London County Council which could be more efficiently exercised by the new municipalities it is proposed to create. Lord Salisbury said that it was impossible to solve the problem of London government except by giving "a large portion of the duties which are now performed by the County Council to other smaller municipalities." Mr. Chamberlain declared that it was impossible to have good municipal government in London "as long as one body sitting in a central place pretended to deal, let us say, with the drainage of every house of five millions of people."

One could excuse Lord Salisbury's ignorance of the real conditions of the London problem. He has never pretended to be an authority on parochial politics. But Mr. Chamberlain is in another case. It has always been the accepted belief that however unfitted he may be for the post of Colonial Secretary his understanding of municipal politics is complete. Yet here we find him making a mistake of which the merest tyro in London government would be ashamed. The London County Council does *not* "pretend to deal with the drainage of every house of five millions of people." That is the business of those very vestries which it is proposed to turn into full-blown municipalities; they already possess sole and complete control of all local sewers and drains. The London County Council deals only with the main drainage system, and it is patently impossible that this system could be managed efficiently by a dozen different authorities. We hold no brief for the London County Council. We have blamed it again and again for its extravagance, its waste of time, its devotion to fads, and its numerous aberrations. But it is a mistake to suppose that it can be relieved of any but the most insignificant portion of the functions it now performs. Last year a conference of all the local authorities of the metropolis was held to consider what powers of the Council could be usefully transferred to the Vestries and Boards of Works, and after a number of meetings, at which the whole of the Council's powers were considered *seriatim*, it was found that in only a few cases was such a transfer advisable, and these were all in comparatively unimportant matters of detail.

So far as can be gathered, the actual proposals the Government will bring forward next session for the reform of London government will amount to little more than the transformation and consolidation of the numerous small local authorities who govern the metropolis into a smaller number of municipalities, each with its own mayor and civic council. This enhancement of the dignity and importance of the local authorities is all to the good, but it is irritating to find it advocated for the wrong reason. It is necessary, not on account of the imperfections of the London County Council, but on account of the imperfections of the many hole-and-corner authorities who at present perform their functions so unsatisfactorily. There are in the metropolitan area forty-three different local authorities, including the City, spending amongst them some three millions a year, while the County Council spends only a little over a million on county purposes. To combine these numerous and often extravagant governing bodies into ten or a dozen municipalities will undoubtedly lead to economy and a greater efficiency in administration. To enhance the dignity of the local authorities will, with equal certainty, improve their character by attracting a better class of men than are at present elected to the vestries and district boards. But it is a mistake to suppose that this reform means the splitting up of London into several municipalities, or that it will abolish the London County Council. It will, in reality, lessen the number of authorities, and, by rendering London government more homogeneous and more efficient, will complete the work begun when Lord Salisbury was last in power.

We now begin to see why Germany was so anxious to wind up her boundary disputes in Africa, and to keep clear of Cretan and Armenian complications. Africa presenting no further attractions, the era of expansion in the Far East has begun, and as an earnest of what is going to happen the Port of Kiao Chau has, without any warning to the Chinese Government, been seized by two German cruisers; sailors and marines have been landed, and the forts and magazine occupied. All available German war vessels are being hurried up from the Mediterranean and the South Pacific, and Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother, is to command the new East Asiatic squadron. The morning papers see in this the probability of a Russo-German conflict in Chinese waters; we can see nothing of the sort. The truth may be that Germany and Russia have come to the conclusion, now that England has thrust her hand into a hornet's nest on the Afghan frontier, that a good opportunity has arisen for the other powers to settle the future of China to their mutual advantage. Germany would not have seized upon the very port claimed by Russia, still less would she have sent Prince Henry to take command there, unless she had arranged matters with her colossal neighbour.

It is true there was a story about two German missionaries having been murdered in Shan Tung, and the action of the fleet being merely taken in order to extort reparation from Peking, but before the seizure was a week old the missionaries had been as completely forgotten as were the mythical "Kroumirs" whom the French went to Tunis to chastise fifteen years ago. The Kroumirs were never found, but France is in Tunis still. Everything points to a fresh opening in the game of "grab," and to an agreement between Russia and Germany, France being content for the present with her power to give another twist to the screw in Abyssinia or on the Niger. Russia, as we stated last week, is actively preparing to settle accounts with Japan, and the much-coveted Kiao Chau would not be too heavy a price to pay for German assistance in that quarter. Russia and Prussia worked very amicably and profitably together once in the partition of Poland, and they may be not unwilling to repeat the experience.

The outlook for English interests being thus so gravely menacing it is comforting to be assured by Mr. Brodrick that the War Office is rising to the emergency. At the dinner given by the budding politicians of the United Club on Tuesday, he gave us to understand that the short service system was to be

"slightly modified," the linked battalion scheme to be "more fully carried out," the navy to be called on to garrison the coaling stations, and a circular to be issued by Lord Lansdowne begging large employers of labour to give a preference to old soldiers. An inspiring programme truly for a great emergency, when the War Office cannot put their hands on a single Army Corps fit for foreign service, when twenty batteries have to be pulled to pieces to provide men and horses for three batteries ordered abroad, and when we have fully eight thousand horses whereon to mount thirteen thousand cavalymen! The scheme reminds one of the Irishman's plan for lengthening his blanket by sewing to the bottom a piece cut from the top.

Sir William Harcourt may not be a good captain, but he is a first-class lieutenant. No one can deliver a good slogging speech as he can, and his address to the Radicals of Dundee on Thursday was in his best form. The pity of it is that he has no leader to give him direction, and the sorry skeleton of a Liberal programme he tried to galvanise into life audibly rattled its hollowness as he dangled it before his audience. He has evidently taken his cue from the new Radical programme, for he put the reform of the House of Lords in the forefront as the one question on which all Liberals and Radicals are united. Their abandonment in general to a host of incompatible fads could scarcely be more signally illustrated, and as a candid enemy we assure Sir William that there is not a penn'orth of electoral advantage to be gained by the cry of "Down with the House of Lords." That the House of Lords might be improved no one will deny, but the fact is that we are quite content with our House of Lords, which has conferred upon our Constitution a stability most other countries would be delighted to achieve. If this is the only card the Radicals have got to play at the next election, they are still likely to languish long in the wilderness of Opposition. In one respect Sir William Harcourt's speech disappointed us. After the bomb he launched at Mr. Chamberlain from his retreat at Malwood, we expected a lively interlude when he next spoke. But he treated the Colonial Secretary with surprising mildness. The game of quoting Mr. Chamberlain against himself has been greatly overdone, and now he never even winces when he is told that once upon a time he denounced the House of Lords, and said disagreeable things about Lord Salisbury.

Twice recently Lord Salisbury has made elaborate apologies for the course pursued by British diplomacy in the Græco-Turkish trouble. From his own speeches it has been evident enough that our foreign policy of late has been lamentably weak and vacillating, but it is the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Goluchowski, who has filled up the lacunæ in Lord Salisbury's account of our attitude in the European Concert. In his extremely able speech to the Hungarian delegations, he virtually accused the English Foreign Office of being responsible for the outbreak of the war between Greece and Turkey. At an early stage in the negotiations, he said, most of the Powers had agreed to a proposal made by Austria for a rigorous blockade of Crete, which would have prevented the landing of Greek troops in the island. But the English Foreign Office, frightened by the Armenian agitation which an English Radical journal had zealously fomented, refused to accede to the proposal. It even persisted in its refusal when Austria, in deference to the views of England, proposed that the blockade should apply equally to Turkish and Greek troops. It is clear, therefore, that if Lord Salisbury had not been afraid of the Radical outcry which would certainly have been raised, Greek troops would never have been landed in Crete, and all the regrettable consequences which followed would have been averted. All this is no doubt a tribute to the power and influence of the "Daily Chronicle," but it cannot be a pleasant moment for that journal when it realises that indirectly, but in more ways than one, it was responsible for the war which ended in such fatal results for its *protégé*.

"We are 'unacquainted with the source from which Prince Bismarck derived the expression now made so

famous by his use and application of it." Thus the "Times," in its most judicial manner, relegates the origin of the somewhat trite "*Do ut des*" formula to the class of mysteries that must remain unknown, for when the "Times" admits that it is not acquainted with anything, it were impious to inquire further. But Prince Bismarck, of course, simply used a phrase which is a commonplace in the Prussian Law Courts, and is familiar to every student who has to learn enough Roman law to pass the preliminary examination at the Temple. The four divisions of the innominate contract, *do ut des*, *do ut facias*, *facio ut des*, *facio ut facias*, are about as recondite as the demonstration of the *pons asinorum* in the first book of Euclid, and many of those to whom the "Times" is still an oracle, and who have not forgotten their law as completely as have the pundits of Printing House Square, must have rubbed their eyes when they read the dread admission on Thursday morning.

There were lively times in the House of Commons in the heyday of Parnellite obstruction, but it would be difficult to find a parallel in any legislature to the extraordinary proceedings of the Austrian Reichsrath on Wednesday. The Chamber was for the moment more like an American football field than a Parliament. The members belaboured each other soundly with their fists, and tore each other's beards and hair, the President fled from the scene in fear of his life, one deputy began to throw chairs at the other deputies, another drew a knife, and a third announced his intention of arming himself with a revolver for the next sitting. It looks as if the "Ausgleich" question could only be settled by the complete extermination of one party by the other. It is the German element which is responsible for this degradation of party strife into a bout of fisticuffs. Finding that the supremacy they have long held in the Dual Monarchy is slipping from them, the Germans seem to have taken the advice proffered them by a great German *savant* in the "Neue Freie Presse" some time ago, to remember that Czech skulls which are not open to reason are accessible to blows.

Major Lugard's distress at the present position of the Soudanese troops, who served him so well, will be shared by every one acquainted with the romantic history of the force, and of its devoted service to the British cause. Major Lugard has, no doubt, hit the right nail on the head, when he attributes the refusal of the Soudanese to serve under Macdonald to their resentment at his treatment of them in 1893. Major Macdonald maintains that he was then obliged to disarm the force because it mutinied, and we shall, no doubt, hear more about that "mutiny" when the inevitable enquiry is held into the present imbroglio. But it is only fair to the Soudanese to remember that Sir Gerald Portal, who was recalled to Uganda after the incident and had Macdonald's account of the affair before him, refused to accept it as a mutiny. Since that time the Soudanese have done invaluable service in Uganda, for they are inexpensive, brave, and devoted. Major Lugard's exclamation, in reference to Macdonald's former quarrel with the Soudanese, may be aptly repeated now. "There must have been strange tactlessness in turning sincerity so loyal into hostility." Meanwhile, Thurston, the best soldier on the Uganda staff, has been killed; Jackson, the Acting Administrator is seriously wounded, and the best fighting men on the British side are being disarmed or shot. At the very time when Uganda is most needed as a base of operations on the Nile, the administration has been reduced to chaos.

It was a desperate case when the political committee of the National Liberal Club, lamenting the absence of guidance from the leaders of the Liberal party, determined to appeal to the rank and file for a policy. The Radical Clubs and Liberal Associations have responded to the appeal, and a pretty programme they have brought forth. There appear to be just about as many urgent reforms, each of which must by all the gods of Liberalism have the first place, as there are separate associations. There is, however, one point upon which they are all agreed. Liberals and Radicals alike want

to tinker further with the electoral machine, so that the House of Commons may become "the people's House in reality as well as in name." In plain language, they want a franchise guaranteed to keep them always in power and their opponents out. This is a very natural desire, but it is scarcely worthy of the high-sounding names they give to the proposal. It is not difficult to prove anything you like if you once assume that the Liberal party alone represents the people, but the assumption scarcely squares with the facts of the last election. The rest of the new Radical programme is mainly composed of various socialistic schemes for plundering the propertied classes. Mr. Chamberlain could provide his former associates with a much better one if they would only ask him.

Nearly all our contemporaries have fallen into the mistake of describing the late Sir Charles Pollock as "The Last of the Barons." Certainly he was always known as Baron Pollock, but he was no longer a Baron of the Court of Exchequer—he ceased to hold that office in 1875, from which date he was a Judge of the High Court of Judicature. Nor was he the only person now living who has held the office of Baron of the Exchequer in the past, for Lord Penzance, who is now Judge of the Arches Court, was also at one time a Baron of the Exchequer.

Public attention should be called particularly to the scandal exposed by Miss Catherine Webb, of the Women's Industrial Council, in connexion with the Hon. Ronald Leigh's laundry. It is one of a class of cases probably not at all uncommon but very difficult to bring to light. The owner of the laundry was convicted of violating the Factory Act, and fined £12. The case rested on the evidence of four of the laundry girls employed by the defendant. On the very day they had given this evidence, these four girls were dismissed, and only these four out of the hundred employed in the laundry. The defendant's solicitor did not improve matters for his client by asserting that the dismissal was for negligence, and not for giving evidence inconvenient to the girls' employer. He was careful not to call either the owner or the manager to prove his statement. The solicitor was, doubtless, "speaking from instructions." The magistrate showed his view of the case very plainly and very properly when he thanked Miss Webb for bringing the matter to light.

Now this kind of thing is much more serious than appears at first sight. It is hard enough for the unfortunate victims; but the injury is a public more than a private one. It is neither more nor less than a legal method of defying the law and defeating justice. Obviously, proof of infraction of the Factory Acts must usually depend on the evidence of employees. If employees know that by giving evidence they become marked men, and will certainly be dismissed, what chance is there of getting them to come forward? Thus offences against the Acts are hushed up. The unfortunate thing about the matter is, that at present there appears to be no way of bringing managers (for it is they, and not the owners, who are usually to blame), to book for such procedure. A man is entitled, on due notice being given, or wages paid, to dismiss an employee without giving a reason. Even if it be proved that the giving evidence was the real reason of dismissal, it is doubtful if anything can be done; and so evidence may with impunity be tampered with. Could it be construed into an *ex post facto* contempt of court?

We have ourselves come across instances of similar conduct on the part of the smaller houseowners in the poorer parts of London. The occupier gives notice to the sanitary authority (directly or indirectly) of a sanitary nuisance in his house. The owner is made to put it right at his own cost, under the provisions of the London Health Act. Thereupon the occupier receives a week's notice, or has his rent raised; both, you observe, strictly legal proceedings. They are none the less a very effective deterrent to prevent the local authority getting wind of these sanitary nuisances. And so the object of the Health Act is defeated.

THE BOARD SCHOOL PLAYGROUND.

THE electioneering farce on which the curtain fell at nine o'clock the day before yesterday, must not pass without a word of dramatic criticism. Its bearing on the theatre needs no renewed explanation in this column. I have pointed out, only too often, how the theatre has stooped to meet the rising flood of popular literateness. Hitherto I have not complained; for it is better that the theatre should stoop to raise the millions above sing-songs and cock-fights, than soar for the benefit of a handful of experts above the level of Shakespeare and Molière.

But behind this magnanimous preference for the interests of the many there has always lurked in me an implacable contempt for the process of literation, commonly and most erroneously called education, conducted in the popular school. I make no distinction between Board school and Voluntary school, or, for the matter of that, between the workhouse school and Harrow or Eton. They all turn out barbarians. I grant that the taste of the barbarian is the opportunity of the dauber in all the arts; but I understand the importance of the artist's function in society far too well to accept this result with complacency. We all quote the gentleman who professed the most complete indifference as to who made the laws of his country so long as he was allowed to write its songs; yet how many of us, I wonder, feel any real force in that epigram, even in England, the nation of all others most governed by artists? We are so susceptible to artistic fiction, rhetoric and oratory, that we will not receive them as art, but rather as clear matter of fact or divinely revealed truth. Let me explain myself gently, coming to my dangerous point by degrees.

Some twenty years or so ago I found myself in the Isle of Wight, lodging in the house of an intelligent London & South-Western railway guard, who placed his library at my disposal. Its principal attraction happened to be "Robinson Crusoe," which I then read through for the first time since my childhood. My host's wife, noticing this, informed me that it was her husband's favourite book. Thereupon I made some conventional remark about it. The conventional remark unhappily implied that I regarded Robinson as a creature of Defoe's invention. She at once begged me not to betray any such scepticism in her husband's presence, he being absolutely convinced, on the internal evidence of the narrative, that it was no vain product of a romancer's fancy, but a veracious record of a seaman's experience. She confessed that she herself leaned towards my view of the matter; but she thought it best, for the sake of her home and her affections, to conform to her husband's faith. He was, she explained, a man of a prosaic turn, hating idle stories, and loving gravity and verity in all things: in short, precisely the sort of man to be fiction-ridden all his life without suspecting it. Now please observe that to read "Robinson Crusoe" and believe it literally, is to become the dupe of an imposture and the champion of a lie. On the other hand, to read it as a work of art—that is, to surrender oneself voluntarily to the illusion it creates, without for a moment compromising the integrity of our relations with the real world—is to learn a good deal from it, both of life and art, to say nothing of our enjoyment of the story.

Let us now suppose, merely to amuse ourselves, that my friend the railway guard were a member of the Isle of Wight School Board, if such a body exists. He would no doubt propose "Robinson Crusoe" as a standard reading-book for the school curriculum; and so excellent a proposal could hardly be rejected on its merits. But somebody would be sure to question his view that it should be presented to the children as history, not as parable. If he found any considerable support on the Board, or among the ratepayers, the result would probably be a compromise. "Robinson Crusoe" would be read; but the children would be left to draw their own conclusions, or to consult their parents or other advisers out of school.

The pious will now perceive the cloven hoof. The School Board Election this week turned on a compromise concerning, not merely a book, but actually a whole literature; though, to be sure, the average

English citizen thinks it a book, because it is all bound into one cover, and because he never reads it, not being literary in his tastes. If he does not actually regard it as an amulet, and believe that if a soldier carries it into battle it will magically attract and stop the Lee-Metford bullet, he may be regarded as an exceptionally enlightened person. But, numerically strong as he is, the very existence of the nation depends on the force of character with which those who know better over-rule, in the public work of education, a superstition which would have horrified the Fathers of the Church, and which arose a few hundred years ago as an ephemeral effect of early Protestantism on minds not yet strong enough for so heroic a doctrine. In other departments of Government it may be expedient to fool your democratic voter to the top of his bent; but when he clamours to be allowed to perpetuate his folly by forcing educated people to teach what they do not believe, then it is for those educated people to refuse to do anything of the sort; to support one another resolutely in that refusal; and to invite the average North Sea Islander to do without them if he can.

Like all highly developed literatures, the Bible contains a great deal of sensational fiction, imagined with intense vividness, appealing to the most susceptible passions, and narrated with a force which the ordinary man is no more able to resist than my friend the railway guard was able to resist the force of Defoe. Perhaps only an expert can thoroughly appreciate the power with which a story well told, or an assertion well made, takes possession of a mind not specially trained to criticise it. Try to imagine all that is most powerful in English literature bound into one volume, and offered to a comparatively barbarous race as an instrument of civilisation invested with supernatural authority! Indeed, let us leave what we call barbarous races out of the question, and suppose it offered to the English nation on the same assumptions as to its nature and authority which the children in our popular schools are led to make to-day concerning the Bible under the School Board compromise! How much resistance would there be to the illusion created by the art of our great story tellers? Who would dare to affirm that the men and women created by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Fielding, Goldsmith, Scott, and Dickens had never existed? Who could resist the force of conviction carried by the tremendous assertive power of Cobbett, the gorgeous special-pleading of Ruskin, or the cogency of Sir Thomas More, or even Matthew Arnold? Above all, who could stand up against the inspiration and moral grandeur of our prophets and poets, from Langland to Blake and Shelley? The power of Scripture has not waned with the ages. We have no right to trick a child's instinctive sense of revelation and inspiration by such a surpassingly blasphemous pessimistic lie as that both have become extinct, and that the wretched world, like its dead moon, is living out its old age on a scanty remnant of spiritual energy, hoarded from thousands of years ago. And yet the whole question at stake in the School Board election was whether this lie should be told as a black lie or a white one. The stupid part of the business is that it is quite unnecessary to tell any lies at all. Why not teach children the realities of inspiration and revelation as they work daily through scribes and lawgivers? It would, at all events, make better journalists and parish councillors of them.

Until some such conception of the dignity and importance of art as the sole possible method of revelation for the forecasts of the spirit reaches our Board school population, the theatre will remain pretty much at its present level, in spite of such superficial improvements as the ordinary march of progress involves. In the meantime, however, man will not submit to spiritual starvation. I have over and over again pointed out that whilst the theatre has done hardly anything to adapt itself to modern demands, the Church has been waking up in all directions to its opportunities. I believe that many of the playgoers who are sufficiently conscious of the social importance of art to care to read these columns, never dream of going to church, and have no idea that they would find anything there but boredom, hypocrisy, and superstition. Let me beg them to try the experiment. Let them spend a fortnight in going to the best London churches, and a fortnight in

going to the best London theatres. If they find one tenth as much boredom, hypocrisy, superstition, humbug, snobbery, stupidity, vulgarity, foul air, bad music, draughts, late hours, stuffy smells, and unhappy and disagreeable people in the auditorium, not to mention professional incompetence on the part of the performers, in the churches as they will in the theatres, I will eat this number of the "Saturday Review" unbuttered.

I am rebuked by Messrs. J. Avery & Co., window blind manufacturers, of 81 Great Portland Street, for having thoughtlessly mentioned "perforated wire blinds" in my last article, in the teeth of the obvious fact that perforated blinds are not wire, and wire blinds not perforated. Let me, in return, give Messrs. Avery a piece of advice. Never waste sarcasm on an inaccurate person: correct him. They have, in their severity, forgotten to teach me what a perforated blind is made of. I surmise zinc, but must not risk a second blunder by committing myself to that material. G. B. S.

FIRE EXTINCTION IN LONDON.

THE disastrous fire which broke out in the City at the end of last week should warn us that for various reasons we may expect a larger number of serious fires in London, in proportion to population, than in any other city in the United Kingdom. The mere fact of size produces difficulties that make the danger of large fires increase in something more than arithmetical ratio to population, while the storage of merchandise in the City—where most of our great fires occur—is upon such a scale that a conflagration covering half an acre there will do more damage than one of twice the area in almost any other centre. But when we have made every allowance possible, we do not find it sufficient to explain the facts and figures of destruction of property by fire in the metropolis. In the first place, London pays per head for protection from fire about two to three times as much as the inhabitants of any other English city, three times as much as Manchester or Glasgow, and even four times as much as Liverpool; and yet Londoners get results that are not only not in proportion to this expenditure, but are entirely out of proportion, since their loss per head is, on a yearly average, about three times as great as that suffered by the inhabitants of the other cities. Either our fire brigade is not up to its work, or the system under which it works is bad.

We reject the first of these alternatives. The Metropolitan Fire Brigade does its work as well as it could be done under the existing system. In the personal quality of its members, in discipline, in good officership, and in general smartness, we do not think that criticism could urge any serious point against it. The secret of its failure to secure for the metropolis a result at all commensurate with the expenditure upon it is to be found in the system, not in the men; at Spring Gardens, not at Southwark Road.

The main charge that we make against the administration of the Fire Brigade Committee of the London County Council is that it has grappled with the problem of fire extinction upon one side only, and that the least urgent side. Let us explain. The work of a fire brigade is twofold. It should be so administered that it can deal with a fire at the outset, without the loss of a second. Its first consideration should be, not how to deal with great fires, but how to be so readily on the spot as to prevent outbreaks from growing into great fires. But, at the same time, it must have in reserve all the means and appliances for dealing with such great fires when it has failed—as it is bound to fail occasionally—to check them at the outset. Our charge against the Committee is that it regards the Brigade mainly as a great-fire organization, and has neglected the means ready to its hand to make the system thoroughly effective at the outset. That it has done a little in that direction we readily admit; but in view of the experience of other towns and the expert opinions at the Committee's disposal, such action as it has taken has been largely futile. It has extended its system of street hydrants, but a hydrant with only low-pressure water behind it, which cannot be used for a direct effective jet until an engine arrives from some distant station, is of very little use.

The whole question is one of water pressure, of a wide distribution of hydrants that will give an effective jet without waiting for engines, and so save the minutes of delay during which fires grow out of control.

The experience of other cities is absolutely final on this point. The case of Manchester is notorious and conclusive. Manchester used to have a low-pressure water system, and depended, as London does now, upon fire engines for the production of a jet. When a high-pressure water system was introduced, the direct hydrant system was established, with the astonishing result that the losses from fire in Manchester were reduced to one-seventh of what they were previously. Mr. Bateman, the then engineer of the Manchester waterworks, and a past President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, declares that this enormous reduction was due to the new system, and the chief officer of the Brigade puts the matter clearly thus: "What success we in Manchester attain in extinguishing fires is largely due to the rapidity with which water can be brought to bear. Jets can be obtained from the hydrants in so many seconds, and from engines in so many minutes."

"Oh!" but the Committee may say, "this and other similar cases are not to the point. These places have a water system at high pressure by force of gravitation, while the water in our London mains has to be pumped." Quite so; but the whole of the City—the serious fire area—is networked with hydraulic pressure mains side by side with the mains of the water companies, and the Committee is perfectly well aware that combination hydrants, drawing the bulk of water from the ordinary mains and the spurt of high pressure from the hydraulic mains, would give the direct jet necessary. We do not go so far as Sir Henry Bessemer in the opinion that "the adoption of the combination hydrant would make London safe," for absolute safety is perhaps more than we can expect; but we certainly do agree with Sir E. M. Shaw—the experienced Fire Brigade Committeemen, we know, have no special fondness for him, but we quote him, nevertheless—that the combination hydrant system "is satisfactory in every way, and the public authorities should take advantage of it."

When private individuals and corporations are compelled, not only to pay rates for fire protection, but to supplement the public provision made by the committee by laying down appliances of their own, it is time that some strong words were spoken as to the indifference of the Council in this matter. The Government, at its offices and at such buildings as the National Gallery, has set up injector hydrants, not daring to rely upon the fire brigade system, with its risk of delay. The general public surely has the right to insist upon a measure of protection of so obvious a character without having recourse to the expedient of setting up its own private hydrants. Why should we pay rates at all for a system whose deficiencies have to be made up in this fashion?

We do not censure the Committee in any way for its extension of the engine system. "This ought ye also to have done, and not to have left the other undone." The engines are always wanted in readiness for concentration on great fires, but our case is that the committee has gone on relying solely upon them. A hydrant on the spot, with hose-box and direct pressure, is worth, at the outset of a fire, half-a-dozen engines twenty minutes or even less later, and, while only about four per cent. of London fires of late years have required engines for their extinction, it is just in that four per cent. that the damage done has amounted to millions sterling—damage which might have been prevented by the saving of only a few seconds at the outbreak of fire.

THE DREYFUS REVIVAL.

BALZAC was of opinion that the most skilful plot-weaver, whether he was a novelist or a playwright, was a mere bungler compared with society itself; and proofs of his dictum abound. Neither the younger Dumas nor Victorien Sardou showed to advantage when endeavouring to pander to the "spy-mania." This mania has become quite a chronic disease with the French ever since their defeat at Wörth. Still, both the plots of "la Femme de Claude" and of "Dora"—the latter of which Englishmen know under the title of "Diplomacy"—were in their way ingenious; and the public

without a moment's hesitation subscribed not only to the possibility, but to the probability of them. When, however, about the middle of 1880, the "Kaulla Affair" began to loom on the horizon, Frenchmen began to think that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. And yet the greater part of the affair was as purely fictitious as the two comedies. The "Kaulla" story would, nevertheless, have ousted the two comedies, but for the objections of the late General de Cissey and the still living Colonel Jung to be made the principal actors in it. By means of a couple of lawsuits, the erstwhile Minister for War, then commanding the 11th Army Corps at Nantes, and the sometime Military Attaché at Berlin, conclusively proved six French papers to have told shameless falsehoods, so far as the plaintiffs' honour was concerned. They failed, however, to convince the nation at large that no documents relating to the mobilisation of the Army and the defence of the frontier had been abstracted from the French War Office. Madame Jung, née Lucy de Kaulla, was the culprit, and if neither her husband nor her admirer Cissey was her accomplice, then some one else must have been. Unanimous verdict, "Abstraction of documents by persons unknown."

I doubt whether the information, alleged to have been sold to a foreign power by Mme. de Kaulla, amounted to more than the repetition in writing of a few unimportant features in the French mobilisation scheme, which were confided to her by Cissey in the course of conversation. Ministers for War do not carry all the details of such schemes in their heads, nor the documents embodying those schemes upon their persons for spies to copy, as is done—if I remember rightly—in "Dora." Moreover, no single officer, save the Minister for War or the Commander-in-Chief, has unrestricted access to the whole of such documents. Nevertheless, the French nation continues to believe in Sardou's and Dumas' plays as representing real life more closely than the "Kaulla Affair," it may be because the plays are rounded off by a dénouement, which satisfies the idea of poetical justice entertained by the majority of theatrical audiences.

The same sentiment unquestionably contributed to the general acquiescence in the Dreyfus verdict. The dénouement was indeed terrible enough to satisfy the most greedy of sensation. Truly, the public only saw the dénouement; they would have been better pleased to follow the tragedy step by step, and to exercise their ingenuity in the discovery of a possible villain corresponding to the villain of their favourite melodrama. This satisfaction will now be afforded them, for strong as the Government may think itself, it is not sufficiently strong to withstand the clamour for a public investigation. The Government is virtually in the position of Corporal Mulvaney, who at a hundred yards from the trenches at Sebastopol caught "a prisoner." It so happened that "the prisoner" would not let him go. I do not say downright that Alfred Dreyfus is innocent, although the presumptions are decidedly in his favour. But his innocence, if proved, would by no means entail the guilt of Count Esterhazy. The authorities are not likely to repeat their error of condemning a man on the testimony of experts in handwriting. All further evidence will have to be made public; the French will not tolerate secrecy a second time, not even on the plea of sparing the susceptibilities of a foreign Power.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

ANOTHER AND A BETTER TENNYSON.

BY A PLAIN READER OF HIS SON'S "MEMOIR."

ALREADY a magazine, publishing its menu for the coming year, promises to dish up a series of articles on the late Laureate, with the approval of the present peer—or, as it might be said, with the second Lord Tennyson as cook. Somehow that announcement dulls rather than whets the appetite; and in simple candour it should now be possible to say that what we hunger for about the Laureate at last is some record which the son will *not* approve. No sane person expects a son's Life, and especially this son's Life, of his father to be other than a eulogy. He gives you what he conceives to be a hero, or even what he conceives to be your conception of a hero; and his judgment there-

fore, not his filial piety, is the question in account. His measure of a hero may not be yours or mine. We may hanker, for instance, after the brusque, broad-mouthed, at times morbid, Tennyson, familiar to us in the conversation of his friends, the Tennyson, as Mr. Leslie Stephen dares to hint, who did not wear canonicals. The Tennyson of the drawing-room, and almost of the sacristy; the Tennyson of solemn correspondence with Gladstone about votes on the Distribution Bill; the Tennyson as model courtier and letter-writer to Royalalties—is not this, if not a fabricated Tennyson, at least only one of "the van-load of men" which, as he knew, every man contained? Let the magazines give us, by all means, a glimpse of the other Tennyson, and say hands off to the too pious devotee. The principles of the Memoir, when worked out in real life, produce the spectacle seen the other week at Freshwater, where a beacon-cross to the Bard's memory was unveiled—by Mr. Swinburne, by Mr. Kipling, who called himself a private serving under this captain of song, by Mr. Morley even? Not so; the Bohemian and the Philosopher and the Doubter shall not approach that sanctuary. A Dean did the unveiling, an Archbishop "read a special form of prayer," a Reverend Doctor made a speech, a hymn was sung, and beside Lord and Lady Tennyson "stood the Bishop of Minnesota."

The late Laureate divided his fellow-creatures into owls and ghouls—the owls being apparently the people who looked on in civil silence while he lived, and the ghouls those who would say their say when he was gone. One is often led to wonder, as one reads the Memoir, to which species, if the alternatives are really these, the Laureate would assign his son. To begin with, we get a most amazing apology for the offer of a Biography at all. There are many motives for writing "Lives"—to propagate a cause, to give an example of courage to falterers, to afford an unknown friend or hero to men and women otherwise lonely, to make fame or to make money. Not for any of these things, you have his word for it, did the second Lord Tennyson put pen to paper. This Biography is written only to keep out any other. It is a Biography in a manger, and it makes capital of its limitations. The poet himself, we are told by his son, "disliked the notion of a long formal Biography, for

'None can truly write his single day,

And none can write it for him upon earth.'

However, he wished that, if I deemed it better, the incidents of his life should be given shortly as might be without comment, but that my notes should be final and full enough to preclude the chance of further and unauthentic biographies." Too subtle is the distinction between "comments" and "notes" for common pens to pause upon, especially when the "notes," if these be they, appear as text in large type and at a length as great as any other known personal narrative exhibits. You are not to have a common "Life," it seems; but you get one all the same; it is a sort of concealment of birth of a biography. The most cursory examination would have shown the biographer the impossibility of the pose and the repeated inconsistencies of any attempt to maintain it. But he goes on bravely to give us the cross-fire of theory and practice, and he gives it without a ghost of a smile. The Laureate, after declaring to Mr. Palgrave that, had he an unpublished Autobiography of Horace in MS. in his hand, he would burn it, because a poet's life is to be found in his work alone, did himself arrange with his son to have this prolonged Biography produced, and to include in it, to the great increase of its bulk and its price as literary merchandise, the second and third-rate poems his finer taste suppressed during his lifetime. Without any fear of the "ghouls," there could have been a bonfire of these. The "resurrectionists" were they of the poet's own household; and when they invoke his authority for the deed, they invite us to deny the sincerity of his constant protest against the publication of inferiorities, and to impugn for the first time the critical judgment hitherto held to be in him all but unerring. Again, with the suggestion of a pose, the poet writes to Mr. Gladstone: "I heard of an old lady the other day to whom all the great men of her time had written. When Froude's 'Carlyle' came out, she rushed up to her room, and to an old chest there in

which she kept their letters, and flung them into the fire. 'They were written to me,' she said, 'not to the public!' And she set her chimney on fire, and her children and grandchildren ran in—'The chimney's on fire!' 'Never mind,' she said, and went on burning. I should like to raise an altar to that old lady, and burn incense upon it." Yet Tennyson, at this very time and always, had the habit of keeping nearly all the letters he received, including mere invitations to dinner; so that when they came to be turned to the purpose of a biography, two devoted friends of the Tennysons had to wade through over forty thousand of these human or inhuman documents. The smoke of their burning had made a fit incense indeed to offer to the "old lady;" but to her the poor honour of lip-service alone was rendered. Some Tennyson letters indeed were burned; but the fact is not remarked with the exultation the reader might expect: "All the letters from my father to Arthur Hallam were destroyed by his father after Arthur's death—a great loss." The same confusion of pose and of practice confronts the reader again and again. The biographer has a partiality for letters addressed to Dukes, and a preference—perhaps still more subtly mundane—for those addressed to workmen.

In a letter to the Duke of Argyll, Tennyson, at the time of Macaulay's death, recalls his first meeting with the historian. There had been a cataract of chatter, until, in one of those infrequent "flashes of silence," Tennyson was presented. "Macaulay turned to me and said, 'Good morning; I am happy to have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance,' and strode away. Had I been a piquable man, I should have been piqued." That is naïf enough; but you do not classify your poet so easily. The next man who meets him assures him of the honour, &c., and "Don't talk d—d nonsense" is the retort. Again, the Queen tells the Duke that she admires "In Memoriam," and has marked her favourite lines; and the Duke tells the Poet; and the Poet tells two friends. At this point the Duke writes and implores the Poet to tell nobody. "I am vexed," writes the Poet, "because the Queen might fancy that her private comments were *public prey*," and then follows talk about "multitudinous babble." But the babble was the Queen's, the Duke's, the Poet's; and why should it stop with the Poet's friends, and the friends of the friends? To crown the perversity, it is all made "public prey," if that is to be the epithet, in these volumes at any rate, where we are told that the Queen said to the Poet, on his first visit to her in 1862, "Next to the Bible, 'In Memoriam' is my comfort." More allusions are made to the craving of the age for personalities; and then the eye lights on a passage which records that Mr. Ruskin has been to lunch and that he wore his accustomed blue tie. "This horrible age of blab" is thrown at us once more, and then we hear that the Poet's own "anecdotes and sayings were taken down as soon as spoken," and that, for instance, "he admired much Miss Mary Anderson, and held her to be the flower of girlhood." "Confound the publicities and gabblements of the nineteenth century!" again he cries, when an Edinburgh paper has unblushingly announced a new poem of his as in the press. But turn the pages, and you are fully informed by his official biographer that he liked a dinner of "beefsteak and potato, a cut of cheese, a pint of port, and afterwards a pipe (never a cigar)"; and that, to take a random illustration, he once stopped reading to Joachim because the cook was in bed in the next room. By all means tell it; but do not interlard the recital with denunciations of other reciters. This "gabblement" about "gabblement" goes on until it is tiresome even as a study of human inconsistency. There is a Nemesis that awaits it too at the end of the Memoir. In the closing scene of his father's life the son records:—"At three o'clock he was pleased with the telegram about him from the Queen, but he muttered, 'Oh! that Press will get hold of me now!'" The day after that he died; and the day after that his own medical attendant published to the Press what the biographer still calls "the medical bulletin" as follows:—"On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently and which he had kept by

him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure, as he lay there 'drawing thicker breath,' irresistibly brought to our minds his own 'Passing of Arthur.'" Surely the irony of history could not further go, nor retribution be more complete.

Again, it was a way with the bard to resent a stare. The New Englanders who came, lightheartedly certain of a welcome, to look over the wall at Farringford, and the British tourist who made picnic at Alum Bay in the hope of at least a distant glimpse of him, became the dearest object of his dread. Yet one must be forgiven the suspicion that he missed the tourists if they were not there. Readers of Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography will remember the diatribe uttered by Tennyson to Mrs. Cameron against the persecutions of autograph collectors: a diatribe which ended with the quite contrary lament that he had received no letters for three days, and that he feared there was an atrophy in the world about him and his fame. In that anecdote you have the man for whom, as Mr. A. C. Benson rightly says, you seek in vain in the Memoir. The mood was so variable that if one day he met in the lanes two girls who did not turn round to look after him, he would growl, "They don't know who I am;" and the next, if they did look round, would cry, "Americans!" His costume bore out the same delightful contrariness. The wideawake, that Mr. Gladstone really did shy at when it threatened the House of Lords, he wore not as one who hates to be regarded by the curious eye. And there was one occasion when a little boy proved as frank as another of his age and sex in Hans Andersen's story. He had been out with the Bard, who, returning, complained in deep tones of the intrusive eyes of man and woman. "Then why do you wear that blue cloak?" was the home question that came back in a treble tone: and then all was still. The incongruity of the pose is given (with all unconsciousness, of course) by the biographer himself: "If a tourist," he says, "were seen coming towards him, for many would recognise his broad-brimmed wideawake and his short blue cape with velvet collar, he would flee." His capriciousness, in short, was that of the courting cat!

Not by such frank recognition of the habits of the man will he be lowered or cheapened. If this is to be "ripped like a pig," it is better so than to be stuffed like a goose. Tennyson himself, we are told, never would read biographies. Poem after poem of his gives us far truer testimony; and what of the historical dramas? The delicate line which Stevenson's bewitching Madame von Rosen draws for Prince Otto between political news and personal scandal fades utterly away between biography and history; and the dramatist deals not with fact only, but with the motive behind the fact—a "wretched personality" about Harold, say, or Queen Mary. An ode on the Duke of Wellington's death or a welcome to Alexandra is personal or political as you choose to take it. Let us then clear our minds of the cant which this Biography perpetually hints and engenders in its judgment of others, but in fact itself spasmodically defies. Tennyson himself wholesomely confesses that he longed to see Walter Scott, and we have here on record even a rather futile preference he expressed—he would rather have met Shelley than Byron. Oh, "this age of personalities," this "co-called nineteenth century!" That the biographer makes full concession to the spirit of the age to which all these groans are given; that we have the man more than the poet in his pages; that we know now, as "gabblement" if you like, that Thackeray told Bayard Taylor that "Tennyson was the wisest man he knew;" that Rossetti said of Tennyson after hearing him read "Maud" at the Brownings': "He is quite as glorious in his way as Browning in his, and perhaps of the two the more impressive personality;" that Maclise "admired him excessively and fell quite in love with him;" and that Caroline Fox thought him "a grand specimen of a man;" that all these things should be, is fitting and is necessary enough; but they are the very denial of the theses with which the biographer sets forth. In this manner of the impersonal pose, then, we leave the book to be its own final refutation. For the rest we end as we began by a hint to editors to drop the Farringford label from their future Tennyson

wares. To be presented for ever as a figure made to match his son's ideal of dignity is not the best biographical fate for the great Poet and the great man who gave a new glory to the lyrical poetry of England and lent a melody and magic of his own making to our common tongue.

PIKE-FISHING IN NORFOLK.

OCTOBER has come and gone, and the russet and gold of the woodlands is only a browndrift of dead leaves. The nights begin to get bitter, and we may wake up any morning now and see white frost powdered over the meadows and the team-man blowing his nails as he follows his horses afield. The wise man, watching the change of the year and the turn of the world towards winter, looks up his pike tackle, and thinks of the sport to come between now and March.

The holiday-making public know the rivers and broads of Norfolk only in the time of water-lilies and dragon-flies. To them these miles upon miles of remote waterways and reed-bordered lagoons are for the summer only, to be seen to the accompaniment of full foliage and dipping swallows and warm airs. They depart with September, and their yachts and steam launches are lying by scores at the boating stations, dismantled, and drawn up under shelter for the winter. Only an occasional gamekeeper's boat or a trading wherry with enormous brown sail disturbs the solitudes that were flashing with white canvas a month or two ago. It is pleasant enough in its way to lie among water-lilies and dream in the sun; but for the sportsman the shorter days and keen airs of the months that are now coming have a fascination far greater than that of these languid and insipid joys. We have no game fish in Norfolk; the salmon fisher must find his sport elsewhere. The pike is king of these waters, and when the river weeds are dying down, and the streams are swollen by the cold rains that follow the autumnal equinox, rod and reel must be ready for him, for you may expect the ideal pike-fisher's day at any time—the day that comes up threateningly, with a cloudy sky, and a north-east wind ruffling the grey water. There is no close time in Norfolk. One is almost reconciled to the grotesque legal decision that gave to private owners rights of enclosure over many of the broads some years ago by the fact that these preserved and enclosed areas, acting as nurseries, have saved us from the disastrous result of indiscriminate all-the-year-round fishing. A more ludicrous decision was never given, even in an English law-court. It was based upon the finding that the broads are not tidal waters, while every man who frequents them knows that they are tidal. I myself have picked out of the river, as far inland as the mouth of Wroxham broad, pike struggling on the surface, turned up by the presence of salt water in exceptionally high tides. In direct contradiction of natural facts, however, the courts decided that they are not tidal—as Tompkins, J., might declare Snowdon to be a salt-marsh—and so far as the subsequent enclosures have compensated us, in the matter of preservation, for the absence of a close time, the decision is justified by at least one of its results. The unsportsmanlike creatures who fish for pike in the spring and early summer, not only when the fish are utterly out of condition after spawning, but even during the actual spawning time itself, cannot happily do so much damage as they would. The time of the first frost, which generally comes in October, is early enough for any self-respecting sportsman to begin operations.

Failing the ideal day of wind and cloud, there are other mornings that tempt you to a start. Those days of perfect October when, after a night of cold mist creeping up from the marshes over the face of the country, the blurred sun rises in a windless haze—who can resist them? The smoke of early chimneys goes straight up like a column. The whole country is drenched with thick dew. As you face the sun the meadows flash with a million jewels; looking backwards, they are a surface of grey pearl, with the track of your feet in a dark line across them. There are gossamers everywhere, hanging about the hedges like strings of pearl. Such a morning makes the blood sing in you. There will be wind when the mist clears. You drop quietly down stream to your favourite hunting-

grounds. Where river and backwater meet in a deep eddy, with the point of land between them overshadowed by alders, and lengthened for two or three yards by beds of rushes, you make your first essay, mooring about fifteen yards up stream from the point. While you are putting your tackle together, a flight of young roach, leaping for their lives, breaks the water into ripples down in the eddy, and you know that your pike is there. The water is a little thick after the rains, and you fish about a foot and a half from the bottom. I always dress my lines with vaseline overnight. It keeps them afloat in the roughest water, and when you get a run gives you a sharp stroke, instead of obliging you to haul in slack line that has sagged down to the bottom. There is no need to throw out here; the current will do the work for you. You drop your four-inch dace bait, with snap-hooks under the back fin and over the left shoulder, gently overboard, and keep a moderately slack line afloat as it drifts down stream. There is very little current, and your float goes slowly and evenly down by the bank, past the rushes, and is just on the edge of the pool beyond, when it begins to dance about violently. Your dace is evidently inspired with a sudden terror, and is making a frantic effort to get out of the way. Then your float heels over sideways and is drawn under, and the reel sings with the rush away of the pike. Give him time—one, two, three, four—and strike, sideways and with the rod-point as near the water as you can, and you have him hooked. Never strike up to a pike, for his upper jaw is a hard plate of teeth, like the surface of a file, and ten to one your hooks will get no hold. Get him in the lower jaw if you can. You have your work cut out for you for the next five minutes. Keep a steady pressure on him, the ball of the thumb laid gently on the rim of the reel at every run out, and at every check and sign of yielding draw him in. If he comes to the top, as he probably will, with wide-open jaws and a violent shaking and jumping, lower your rod-point and give him a slack line for the moment, or you will be left with nothing but the frayed end of a smashed line floating down stream from you. He puts less spirit into each succeeding run, until finally, when you draw him close up, he rolls exhausted over on his side, with white belly showing uppermost through the water. Then you grope with your left hand for the landing-net, and scoop him up, adding as much to your estimate of his weight as your conscience will permit.

There are many such nooks to be searched, and many days to come in which to search them. There are the long banks overhung with alder and hawthorn and guelder-rose, where old roots, green with slimy river-weed, sprawl out under water, for the entanglement and loss of your lines if you fail to head off your pike when he rushes for them, as he invariably does; there are the open reaches of the river, with nothing now but bare meadows that have forgotten that meadow-sweet is almond-scented in July, and buttercups a gold carpet in the spring, so forlorn are they with their expanses of brown stalks and rotting herbage, over which, high up, a kestrel hovers watching for field-voles; or search off the stream and upon the broads, where the mimic headlands of six-foot rushes stand out in point after point, with half circles of a bay between each, just large enough, if you moor in the centre of them, to let you fish all over each pool without shifting, with almost the certainty of a good run in every one of them. The days we shall have amongst them! Perhaps we shall get that thirty-pounder which every pike-fisher dreams of getting some day, and which we have landed in our dreams often enough, but never yet in real fact. Our dream-land fish are always of more than mortal girth, and give us more than mortal sport of combat to catch. In these waters pike up to twelve pounds are common enough; pike from twelve to eighteen pounds are frequent, but not common—you get one now and again in the course of the winter; pike from eighteen to twenty-five pounds are the rare trophy of a season, to be stuffed and set up in the village inn to stare at customers with glassy eye, and be the occasion for innumerable angling yarns round the fire on winter evenings, over pipes and ale; but the thirty-pounder is an eternal hope, fabled to have been seen of men and anglers in some fortunate years, and expected by everybody who throws in tackle.

You think that you have got him at last at the first rush of every twelve-pounder. The hope of him keeps you going through the disappointment of dragging out one small jack after another—of course, as you are a sportsmanlike angler, returning to the water anything under three or four pounds. When you see a flurried shoal of roach or dace leap out of the water, and the heavy plunge of the pursuing pike in the middle of the commotion, "There he is!" you say. Perhaps on some January day, when there is a dash of sleet in the air, with bursts of watery sunshine that has no warmth in it between the showers, when you fish across the mout of the broad just outside the edge of thin ice that covers the lagoon while the river is still open, you may get him yet. I should like to see him, because I am sure that he must have enough hooks in him to stock a tackle-shop. For the interesting fact about him is that all of us have hooked him at some time or other, whenever, indeed, the fish we were playing managed to break away.

H.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LATEST DEFENDER,

HIS SECRETARY, THE HON. T. COCHRANE, M.P.

IT is, of course, evident that in any dispute with a leading politician, such as Mr. Chamberlain, the ordinary man, even if he chance to edit a paper, is at many disadvantages. The Colonial Secretary, for instance, is able to conduct a campaign against an opponent without risking his own person in the field. He may reply to us as Mr. Chamberlain replied the other day, "I never notice such attacks," while suggesting replies to his newspapers and allowing his Parliamentary supporters to attack us with every form of insult. This is no small advantage; for the Party newspapers and the Parliamentary supporters may use dozens of different and contradictory answers, as in this instance, without doing their Parliamentary chief any serious discredit. There are, of course, Parliamentary leaders who really do not notice attacks, and who are too indifferent, or too high-minded, to defend themselves against the suspicions which their conduct may arouse. But Mr. Chamberlain is not of this class; it is no news to say that in offence or defence he turns every advantage of his position to account with unscrupulous energy. We had hardly printed some comparatively mild criticisms of his conduct made by the late Lord Rosmead, when the Liberal Unionist Press throughout the Kingdom burst into a storm of abuse and a cross-fire of arguments that reminded us of the way the Somerset and Devon men attacked the Doones by shooting at each other. The egregious "Scotsman" told us we had invented the "infamous story," while Mr. Chamberlain's own organ, the "Birmingham Daily Gazette," declared that the story was stale and could have been compiled out of the "Blue-books." When our turn came, we answered these newspaper criticisms. We showed that part of the story was new and true, and proved by an independent witness, the Editor of "South Africa," that Sir Hercules Robinson made similar "confidences" to other journalists. The Liberal Unionist Press at once subsided into silence. Our newspaper critics had not the grace to apologise for the insults they had hurled at us; but at least they kept quiet; they did not return to the attack.

But even then Mr. Chamberlain's resources were not exhausted. He could still refuse to "notice such attacks" while allowing his Parliamentary Private Secretary, the Hon. Thomas Cochrane, M.P., to get up on a Liberal Unionist platform and assail us, as we said last week, with "a virulence of invective that testifies to an almost intolerable craving for office." For, just as an ugly woman does more for admiration than a society beauty would do, so your Member of Parliament's craving for distinction is in exact proportion to the limitations of his intellect. Here are the Honourable Thomas Cochrane's words, which we had not time last week to deal with at length:—

"They had seen, doubtless, certain anonymous attacks which had recently been made in the 'Saturday Review' upon the Secretary of State for the Colonies. They took the form of a supposed conversation with Lord Rosmead. He had had the pleasure of meeting Lord Rosmead, and he could not

imagine anything more incredible than that Lord Rosmead, with his forty years' standing as a diplomatist and servant of the Crown, could have at any moment taken to his bosom some journeying journalist in search of spicy paragraphs, and should have poured out to him the absurd and ridiculous language which was reported in the 'Saturday Review.' (Applause.) It was entirely foreign to the character of that high and noble-minded gentleman who served his country so well as Sir Hercules Robinson. It was difficult to pursue all these conversations, but when they came to definite facts and definite charges—he had some slight knowledge of them—and although he had no authority, he had no hesitation in saying that these absurd and baseless charges put into the mouth of Lord Rosmead were a scandal and a disgrace to the memory of that nobleman, who had passed away. These charges were easy to disprove, and the editor of that paper could have done so himself had he only expended a shilling in purchasing a copy of the 'Blue-book,' No. 7933, in which all the telegrams appeared which passed between Lord Rosmead and the Colonial Office. Mr. Chamberlain was charged with taking all the credit for everything done by his subordinates. Well, certainly those who knew the Colonial Secretary knew that that was not one of his faults. The definite charge was that 'Mr. Chamberlain took the credit of having issued the proclamation that stopped any possible rising on the part of the Johannesburgers, and of having sent me (Lord Rosmead) to Pretoria, whereas he actually counted for nothing in the whole business.' Now, the facts on this point were plainly set out in Blue-book. On Sunday, December 29, 1895, Mr. Chamberlain telegraphed to Sir H. Robinson (Lord Rosmead) to warn him that it had been suggested that an advance of police from Bechuanaland to Johannesburg was possible, and that he would have to warn Mr. Rhodes of the consequences which would ensue. The following day, December 30 (Monday), Sir Hercules cabled that he had learned on good authority that the movement at Johannesburg had collapsed. On the same day, December 30, at 4.30 p.m., Mr. Chamberlain again cabled—'Are you sure Jameson has not moved? In consequence of collapse, see my telegram of yesterday.' At 11.30 on December 30 Mr. Chamberlain again cabled—'Leave no stone unturned to prevent mischief;' and on January 1 a reply was received from Sir Hercules, of which the concluding words are—'Acting on your injunction to leave no stone unturned to prevent mischief, I have decided to issue proclamation, and hope you will approve.' Then, as to Sir Hercules Robinson's going to Pretoria, the 'Saturday Review' represents Sir Hercules as saying that 'he never had a word from Chamberlain until he was getting on board the train.' Well, here were the telegrams:—On January 1 (Wednesday) Mr. Chamberlain cabled 'Are you of opinion that the time is at hand when you might usefully intimate to President Kruger your intention of proceeding to Pretoria as peacemaker, and with a view to a reasonable settlement of grievances?' On January 2, Sir Hercules cabled to Mr. Chamberlain that his colleagues are in favour of his proceeding by special train on the following night, and he adds, 'Do you approve of my doing so, and have you any instructions to give me? Please telegraph "yes" or "no" at once.' To which, on the same day, an immediate reply was sent—"yes"—and Sir Hercules started at nine o'clock the same evening. As to the charge that Lord Rosmead's services were not recognised by Mr. Chamberlain, this is clearly answered by telegram No. 103, from Mr. Chamberlain, January 8—'Pending fuller recognition of your services, I heartily congratulate you on result of your intervention hitherto.' Sir Hercules replied in No. 148, 'I am much gratified by the contents of your telegram.' These were facts, and he thought they pretty well exposed this whole scandalous affair. (Applause.) He could add that Mr. Chamberlain had the absolute confidence of all the officials at the Colonial Office; that all who were brought into personal contact with him had the utmost respect and esteem for him, and he thought that they, as Liberal Unionists, might be justly proud that they had a man of Mr. Chamberlain's commanding ability to lead them, to keep them as he hoped, in the front, and to lead them to victory in the future." (Loud applause.)

First of all, in order to establish the difference between Mr. Chamberlain and other British politicians, let us ask the simple question, Can any one imagine Mr. Balfour's private secretary writing like this? Has Mr. Wyndham ever praised his chief in this cheap way? Are there any conceivable circumstances which would induce Mr. Wyndham to defend his chief by insulting the adversary with baseless insinuations and still more baseless abuse. "Like master, like man."

The fashion of exciting one's own courage by insulting one's adversary is mediæval and Homeric, but what has Brummagem to do with Ilium.

Now let us discuss Mr. Cochrane's arguments, or rather the arguments with which Mr. Chamberlain himself (for Mr. Cochrane is but his hired advocate) would meet Sir Hercules Robinson's indictment. The first, and by very much the most important, clause of the indictment, it will be remembered, was that Mr. Chamberlain was a mischievous "busybody," that by conducting the negotiations with Khama, Bathoen, and Sebele in London, and not through the Office in Cape Town, and by handing over the Bechuanaland Protectorate to the Chartered Company in London and not through the Cape Town Office, he gave Mr. Rhodes his "jumping-off place," and withdrew to a certain extent at least Sir Hercules Robinson's attention from what was going on at Pitsani and Mafeking. Now this charge, which could not have been learned from any Blue Book, and which carries on the face of it its inspiration and authority, Mr. Cochrane does not meet in any way; he does not even mention or refer to it. Yet we submit, it deserves a plain answer.

Even the second charge in the indictment is not fairly met by Mr. Cochrane. It is not even fairly stated. We reported Sir Hercules Robinson as saying, Mr. Chamberlain is "taking all the credit of having issued the proclamation," &c., and Mr. Cochrane leaves out the important qualifying word "all." The charge of Sir Hercules is that Mr. Chamberlain is "taking all the credit," whereas the chief credit was due to Sir Hercules Robinson himself. Now, Mr. Cochrane has not disproved this contention of Sir Hercules Robinson. It would be easy, we imagine, to show from the English papers that if Mr. Chamberlain was not "taking all the credit," he was allowing his supporters in the press to attribute to him "all the credit" for the energetic measures adopted by Sir Hercules Robinson. Some credit, we admit, and always have admitted, was due to Mr. Chamberlain; but he was not on the spot, and time pressed, and had Sir Hercules Robinson, prompted by Mr. Hofmeyr, not acted energetically on his own responsibility, and issued the famous proclamation, the outcome of the raid might have been much worse than it was. But Mr. Cochrane's present contention is the old one of Mr. Chamberlain's supporters, viz., that Mr. Chamberlain and not Sir Hercules Robinson deserves the credit for having issued the proclamation, and for having sent Sir Hercules Robinson to Pretoria. And now let us examine this absurd pretension, without, however, trying to take away from Mr. Chamberlain such credit as may be due to him. First of all, it is true that Mr. Chamberlain did telegraph to Sir Hercules Robinson on Sunday, the 29th December, suggesting that an advance of police from Bechuanaland to Johannesburg was possible, and telling him "if necessary, but not otherwise," to warn Rhodes of the consequences of such action. But it must be remembered that though this message may have been sent at 5.30 p.m. on the Sunday, Sir Hercules Robinson can hardly have received it on the Monday, for he wires to Mr. Chamberlain twice on the Monday without referring to it, and, in fact, first mentions it in a telegram received in London at 11.5 on Tuesday morning, 31st December. Sir Hercules Robinson, therefore, was justified in saying that he sent the telegram to recall Jameson on his own responsibility, and without any help from any one. We take this first instance in order to show how carefully these Blue Books must be read. Mr. Cochrane himself furnishes us with an example of the terrible consequences that attend an unintelligent reading of these carefully edited documents. He declares that on the day after the sending of this message by Mr. Chamberlain on "Dec. 30, Monday, Sir Hercules cabled that he had learned on

good authority that the movement at Johannesburg had collapsed." And Mr. Cochrane says this, as will be evident from the context, in order to show how wide-awake Mr. Chamberlain was, and how much more credit he deserves than Sir Hercules Robinson. But alas! the supporters of Mr. Chamberlain seem to be incurably dishonest or incurably incompetent. The Blue Book does not say that Sir Hercules Robinson sent that cable on Monday. It says that it was received in London at 2.50 p.m. on Monday, which is a totally different thing. It is probable that Sir Hercules sent that cable on Saturday, for it manifestly refers to the deadlock that took place on the afternoon of Christmas Day in Johannesburg, information of which reached Sir Hercules Robinson at Cape Town on Saturday. We say "probable," but the doubt as to whether he sent it on Saturday or Sunday does not help Mr. Cochrane, for telegram No. 5 in the Blue Book he quotes must have shown him his mistake. This No. 5 telegram from Sir Hercules Robinson to Mr. Chamberlain received in London at 4.45 on Monday begins, "Information reached me *this morning* that Dr. Jameson was preparing to start yesterday evening for Johannesburg," and so forth. It would be simply impossible for any one who has followed this case with ordinary intelligence to say that Sir Hercules Robinson cabled on the Monday that the movement on Johannesburg had collapsed. All the world knows now that Sir Graham Bower sent a message to Sir Hercules Robinson at five o'clock on that Monday morning, and met him between six and seven o'clock at Government House, Cape Town, and told him what Rhodes had told Sir Graham Bower the night before that Jameson had crossed the border. Either Mr. Cochrane is a dishonest controversialist, or he is so astonishingly incompetent that one must receive what he says with well-founded suspicion.

Now let us pass to the only two telegrams that may seem to a careless reader to bear out in any degree Mr. Cochrane's contention. We refer, of course, to Mr. Chamberlain's despatch sent at 11.30 p.m. on Monday, 30 December, 1895—"Leave no stone unturned to prevent mischief," and the reply received on January 1 from Sir Hercules Robinson of which the concluding words are, "Acting on your injunction to leave no stone unturned to prevent mischief, I have decided to issue the Proclamation, and hope you will approve." It is curious to note how near Tuesday Mr. Chamberlain can get on a Monday, and also the fact that Sir Hercules Robinson's telegram does not bear on it the time when it reached London. As we have said, these telegrams are carefully edited, and such an omission is, to the scrupulous reader, a danger signal. But let us take these telegrams as Simple Simon might, and ask, what, after all, do they prove? Do they prove that Sir Hercules Robinson was induced by that somewhat enigmatic telegram to issue the Proclamation, or that, having at Hofmeyr's instigation, issued the Proclamation, he sought to protect himself afterwards by citing Mr. Chamberlain's words. The point is a small one, and relatively unimportant. Those who heard Sir Hercules Robinson speak of the matter will believe that Mr. Hofmeyr was the one inspirer of the Proclamation, and not Mr. Chamberlain, who, indeed, never mentioned the word Proclamation till after it had been drawn up. Besides, Sir Hercules says, on January 1, "I have decided to issue Proclamation," whereas, as a matter of fact, he had issued it on Tuesday, 31 December. Evidently Mr. Chamberlain's advice reached him after he had acted. And so, again, Mr. Cochrane fails through trying to prove too much. But it is also evident that, on Tuesday morning, Sir Hercules Robinson must have received Mr. Chamberlain's first wire, sent on the Sunday, warning Rhodes that Mr. Chamberlain would not support the raid. And this telegram, if such exceedingly guarded, must have strengthened Sir Hercules Robinson in the course of conduct he had adopted twenty-four hours before. This amount of credit, and no more, is due to Mr. Chamberlain.

Similarly, Mr. Cochrane tries to prove that Mr. Chamberlain inspired Sir Hercules Robinson with the idea of proceeding to Pretoria as peacemaker, whereas we reported Sir Hercules as saying that "he never had

a word from Chamberlain till he was getting on board the train," and this is how Mr. Cochrane proves his point. He refers to Mr. Chamberlain's telegram of Wednesday, 1 January, asking Sir Hercules Robinson whether "the time is at hand when he might intimate to Kruger his intention of proceeding to Pretoria as peacemaker" and so forth. This telegram deserves the carefullest consideration. It left London at 6.30 p.m. on the 1st January, but, as we have proved elsewhere, Sir Hercules Robinson had before this telegraphed to Kruger, asking whether his presence could be of any use, and had received Kruger's affirmative answer. Once more Sir Hercules Robinson is plainly a day in front of Mr. Chamberlain. But what a curious coincidence of ideas! We cannot help wondering whether Mr. Chamberlain received no communication from Sir Hercules Robinson that is not mentioned in this Blue Book. For this Blue Book is carefully edited, so as to make it appear that Sir Hercules Robinson followed Mr. Chamberlain instead of preceding him as we have stated. Again, the ingenuous and honourable Mr. Cochrane falsifies the dates, and this time his offence is one of purpose. He says: "On January 2nd, Sir Hercules cabled to Mr. Chamberlain that his colleagues are in favour of his proceeding by special train on the following night," and so forth. It is evident, however, that Sir Hercules Robinson cabled this to Mr. Chamberlain on January 1st, Wednesday, and not on Thursday, January 2nd, for the Blue Book states that it was received in London at 4.52 a.m. on the 2nd of January. Mr. Cochrane has again misquoted the Blue Book! Sir Hercules Robinson's statement, therefore, that he heard nothing from Mr. Chamberlain about going to Pretoria till he was getting on board the train on Thursday night, is borne out by the facts.

As to the last point made by Mr. Cochrane, that Sir Hercules Robinson should have been satisfied with Mr. Chamberlain's telegram of the 8th, which says: "Pending fuller recognition of your services, I heartily congratulate you on result of your intervention hitherto," it seems to us that for the first time in this controversy Mr. Cochrane may be wholly in the right. But we suspect that Sir Hercules Robinson did not know what "fuller recognition" meant, or he might not have talked to us as he did a fortnight later.

Now, to sum up. Neither Mr. Cochrane nor any one else has answered the charge that Mr. Chamberlain himself gave Mr. Rhodes his "jumping-off place," and that he withdrew Sir Hercules Robinson's attention from Pitsani and Mafeking by dealing with the Bechuanaland Protectorate and with Khama, Bathoen, and Sebele in London and not through the office in Cape Town. Sir Hercules Robinson declared that in this Mr. Chamberlain acted without precedent, and certain it is that he acted against custom. What was his reason?

At some future time we shall probably set forth other peculiarities in Mr. Chamberlain's handling of this question. One more point, however, we may bring out at once. No editing of Blue Books, however careful, can do away with the fact that at the first blush Mr. Chamberlain fixes upon Mr. Rhodes as the person to be held responsible; that afterwards he labours this point (see No. 32 in this same Blue Book C—7933); but that, after seeing Mr. Rhodes early in February, 1896, he stood up in his place in the House of Commons on the 13th of February and declared, "I say, to the best of my knowledge and belief that everybody, that Mr. Rhodes, that the Chartered Company, that the Reform Committee of Johannesburg, and the High Commissioner were all equally ignorant of the intention or action of Dr. Jameson. (Cheers.) That is the belief which I express to the House after having carefully examined all the statements of all the parties concerned. (Cheers.)"

Everybody who heard Mr. Chamberlain make this statement knew that he had just seen Mr. Rhodes, and naturally inferred that it was something Mr. Rhodes had said that induced Mr. Chamberlain to make this statement. The public learned, in the course of the African Committee that Mr. Chamberlain never spoke to Mr. Rhodes about the Raid; but Mr. Chamberlain's deception is none the less apparent. What statement of the High Commissioner's was there, or of Mr. Rhodes, or of the Reform Committee at Johannesburg,

that led Mr. Chamberlain to this belief? For the belief is on the face of it false. Two of the three parties specified knew of the intention of Dr. Jameson. What statement of theirs had induced Mr. Chamberlain to alter his opinion from the true to the false? There were no such statements. Mr. Chamberlain wilfully deceived the House of Commons and the people of England in this matter, and such deception justifies us in examining his conduct scrupulously, and in taking care that he appropriates no more credit than the small part that is due to him.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

"THE Infant Bacchus," by Charles Hazlewood Shannon, is a design in which Euphorion and Titian alike would surely have found something to praise. The figures are cunningly bound into their circle as on a drinking-cup by the first; delicate limbs, playing a delicate geometry; but the soft glee of the baby god borne off to his nymph nurses, the sea waves, the richer setting and substance, make it more like an early chapter in the story that runs on to the "Bacchus and Ariadne." Yet it is all pure Shannon, the Mercury more especially, with his grave charm as of a young Saint Christopher doing pagan duty. That same charm, present in everything Mr. Shannon sets hand to, shines through in the portrait of a girl in fancy dress called "A Souvenir of Vandyck." This deep-seated quality in an artist, not to be earned or learned, brought to him at his birth by the wind because it listed, and coming out under his fingers beyond his knowing, without his helping, against his hindering, is clearer and less obstructed in Mr. Shannon than in most of his gifted contemporaries. So many men are at war with their gift instead of being easily possessed by it and impelled. Manet would have given his fingers to paint woman with the elegance of Chaplin. His own gift was different, and he envied a lesser. Even Mr. Shannon is in danger from his scholarship and critical interest. There is less of the jet and more of the collection in this canvas than in his lithographs. Vandyck, Miss Hasgood, a *marmite*, a lemon, a flower-glass, all beautifully arranged, but you see them being arranged, and the slim perpendicular of the glass holds its side of the space with a little anxiety. Nor is the artist master of his effect in painting yet as he is in lithography. There he has elaborated a technique that gives him scratch by scratch upon the stone exactly what he wants. Here the drawing of the draperies is exquisite, but the bigger relations of relief and tone not so well determined, so that the face is put out of tone by the whites, and threatens in time to confound itself with the background. I note these defects with reluctant jealousy, longing as I do to see Mr. Shannon distinguish himself in painting as he has already done in drawing, and hoping much from a beginning of so much accomplishment and charm.

Another man who mixes some air of Paradise with all he touches is Charles Conder. In the golden key of his painting, the fields become Blessed Fields, and the *trou* on the Norman coast an enchanted bathing-place. Mr. W. W. Russell, hard by, aims with no small ability at a high pitch of lighting, but rather by positive competition with light. He has not the secret of creating within a frame the blonde illusion that spells summer.

Another beach scene in the gallery is an extremely interesting study. This is "The Shadow of the Cliff," by Mr. Henry Tonks. It is a little epitome of theories of painting, a history of taste supervening on a definite talent and instinct. Mr. Tonks's instinct, if I read him aright, is for picking a figure out of a scene like the little girl in his drawing here, called "A Barn," and giving a delicate piquant account of it, almost as much detached from surroundings as if one took up a shell from the beach, looked at it closely, and then put it back in its place again. Everything else is an afterthought, but an afterthought with an immense amount of conscience and skill in it. Thus I seem to see him making study after study for the figures on the beach, each a finished miniature, almost as Frith might. But Mr. Tonks knows all the theories of picture-making, knows how a man with Steer's instinct for the general effect and *ensemble* would

treat the scene, and we see him going over his miniatures and obliterating their sharpness, working hard at the relation of the lighted sand and the shadowed sand, and finally perhaps overdoing it a little, so that both the near and the far groups are out of focus. All this, mind you, with skill so great that the traces are almost lost except in a bit of definition left isolated or a spot of colour like a patch of enamel on china. Then he began, perhaps, with figures of the more accidental sort, the mound—shapes of half-asleep parents, and the huddle of children absorbed in games. Then half-way through his mind woke up to the possibility of something more designed and monumental, and we get the beautiful little figure of the child with her arms up, letting the sand slip t'rough her fingers, that might be a Shannon, so detached is it in style from the rest. Again, I say, these discrepancies are not crude; if the picture bears the marks of thinking, it is of thinking that repays the following out and treads close on beauty. That little figure alone, born of sand-playing, but also of the power of design, is outside of the scope of all the Kodaks.

On the debatable border-land of painting, Mr. Steer makes a gallant stand in his "Oak Avenue," and wrings from the cold, bright light and confused forms of leafage something uncommonly like the thing. His water-colour, "A Landing Stage," making no pretence of a stand up to nature, has quite another sort of agreeableness. In the line of positive statement he is well backed by Mr. Mark Fisher and Mr. Fred Brown. In "Nidderdale" by the latter, the lighted and unlighted parts of the water, and the translucent trees, appear to me to be extraordinarily just. In less difficult material Mr. Priestman's ducks and water, "Under the Chestnuts," may be put beside this last for truth and pleasant colour. Mr. Macgregor, one of the original men in the Glasgow group, tunes his colour to a more sombre key, and builds up a grandiose design of a quarry after the style of Legros. Mr. Brabazon's "Canal near Amiens," is as good as anything he has shown. A tender harmony of evening clouds and lilac blossom by Mr. David Muirhead should be sought for in the upper row.

Mr. Christie's "Wheel of Fortune" is almost as fine a performance as his "Prodigal Son." He turns the wheel into a kind of cycle, and sends the goddess scorching through a crowd at such a pace that only a fanatically devoted policeman would dream of attempting to catch her. Round this muddled memory of a symbol, equally vague tatters of naturalistic values hang like bits of local colour. Never was such light-hearted pot-boiling.

Several men show a queer perversity in producing at a distance from their own talent. Neither Mr. Hartrick nor Mr. E. J. Sullivan gets such good value out of colour and poetic fantasy as out of black and white prose. Mr. Fry, on the other hand, has so thoroughly adopted the spectacles of Richard Wilson, that when he takes them off he practically does not see. I never came across a stranger case than the accomplished *pastiche* of "Nemi," compared with the baldness of "Venice." At this moment Mr. Fry is qualified for a brilliant career as a forger of Wilsons, but as he is not aiming at that, and must come back to take up his own vision where he has left it, he may find this virtuosity a costly indulgence.

D. S. M.

GRIEG, DOLMETSCH AND OTHERS.

GRIEG seems to me a quaint survival of the old musical world, the world so summarily kicked to pieces by Wagner and Liszt. The old-world musicians travelled over Europe, playing their own music, accompanying their own songs, sharing the applause given to the latter with the singers, and finally taking a very considerable share of the profits of their undertakings. Wagner would have felt it derogatory to come on and play pianoforte arrangements of his own Valkyries' Ride, the Fire-Music, the Funeral March from the "Dusk of the Gods," had he been able to do it, which he was not; and even Liszt, his showman days past, did not seek to allure the curious to hear his music by the exceptional attractions of his person and personality, nor to increase the takings at the door by attracting his admirers of sterner mould by promising

to play his own music. All these things Grieg does; and he does them in the prettiest way imaginable, the most simple, innocent, naïve, captivating way. The result is the delightfully odd kind of concert we listened to in St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. There was a singer; there was also a violinist; there was a pianist. But the pianist was Grieg; Grieg accompanied the singer; Grieg shared a performance with the violinist; Grieg was on the platform whenever any one else was on; often Grieg was on the platform by himself. Excellent Mr. Vert need not have called the affair a Grieg Recital, or he might have gone further and called it a Grieg Recital of Grieg. We were steeped in Grieg, saturated with Grieg; we accepted Grieg at more than his own valuation; we could not raise the ghost of a sickly smile when we saw the little gentleman strutting unoffensively off and on with immense bird-like self-importance, or when we saw him visibly perspiring as he wrestled with the intellectual and physical difficulties of the Finale of the sonata in E minor or the Suite in the Old Style. It was extremely odd; but the composer was in such evident earnest, and at the same time so entirely unaggressive, that we took everything as seriously as he himself did. Yet Grieg's music—the bulk of it—is the last in the world to be taken very seriously. I wrote an article on it in May last; and since it is a pity to repeat oneself more than is unavoidable, I will merely remind my readers that I pointed out that at its best it is drawing-room music of the best sort, while at its worst it is almost too poor for performance even in an English drawing-room. The redeeming quality in it is its pine fragrance, its smell of the open air, of the mountain and the moor; but even that quality, that faint piquant odour, becomes wearisome after a time; for it never varies. Nothing tamer, more soporific, or possibly more exasperating in its monotony, could be imagined than a Grieg recital without Grieg. But with Grieg—ah! that is a quite different matter. And since we had Grieg on Monday a vast audience—St. James's Hall packed to the very doors—remained, I am informed, in a state of rapt excitement until the end of the programme was reached. I can testify that so long as I stayed everything was received with exuberant enthusiasm. Of course Grieg's playing is not great piano-playing: rather it is pretty, sentimental, fluent. And of course Mrs. Medora Henson's singing is not great singing: rather it is prosaic, slightly harsh, and marred to an extent by a hateful vibrato. But Paderewski and Melba together could not have stirred the audience more effectually than either Grieg or Mrs. Henson alone did. So things went off charmingly, and I for one was well pleased.

One of the most perfectly enjoyable chamber concerts given for a long time was Mr. Dolmetsch's on Friday evening of last week. There were the usual pieces for the virginals, harpsichord, and clavicord; pieces for the violin and viola da gamba; and finally, a concerto of Handel for the organ and strings. I would have walked twenty miles or thereabouts to hear the last. It is one of Handel's most entrancingly lovely things, and it was exactly adapted to Mr. Dolmetsch's little chamber organ and little set of string-players. Probably most of my readers associate a Handel concerto with the Handel Festival and the huge wild beast of an organ of the Crystal Palace; and it is true there are certain of Handel's concertos which gain by being played on a full-sized instrument. But this little one, chosen by Mr. Dolmetsch, is a most dainty bit of almost miniature workmanship; and charmingly played, as it was by Mrs. Elodie Dolmetsch, the effect was exquisite. Of course its literary flavour, intensified by the ingeniously old-world room with its candles in their ancient brass candle-holders, carried one irresistibly back into the last century; it brought to me, for instance, a picture of Handel playing just such music on just such an organ in the music-room of Thomas Britton, the musical coalman. But apart from being the innocent cause of such enervating excursions and exercises, the concerto is the source of great delight by reason of its intrinsic loveliness, a loveliness of a special and tender sort, only to be attained by the special means which Handel doubtless intended to be used. Mr. Dolmetsch should

certainly hunt out the parts of the other concertos, and see whether they will be as effective if they are played in the same way and amidst the same surroundings. The prelude and fugue of Bach, given by Mrs. Dolmetsch on the clavichord, was rendered in great part unintelligible, and, indeed, often inaudible to me, by passing cabs. Still, it was worth while playing it, if only to show half-a-dozen people in front how much the most perfect of all string-keyed instruments the clavichord is. Only, Mr. Dolmetsch should shift our seats about so that we may each get a due and rightful turn at hearing it. Some of the songs were interesting, but, unfortunately, Miss Carr Shaw was not at all in the mood to let them make their own effect, but must needs modernise them until all their ancient beauty was lost. If you lose the ancient beauty of this music, you lose all: such music will not carry modern feeling; and since Miss Shaw has not only a voice of rare freshness and rich colour, but moreover showed only a few days before how well she understood the old music by singing some of the "Tempest" songs delightfully, I am inquisitive enough to want to know why she behaved thus on this occasion. Bach's second sonata for viola da gamba and harpsichord is a most wonderful piece of work, surcharged with a curious, still, inward—indeed, quite indescribable—quality of emotion; and it was played quite magnificently by Miss Dolmetsch. But, always excepting the Handel concerto, the most stimulating item of the evening was a romance for harpsichord by Claude Balbastre; and this less on its own account than because of an extraordinary discovery made by Mr. Dolmetsch in connexion with it. I call the discovery extraordinary; for although, doubtless, all my brother critics knew of it before, I had never heard of it until this concert; and it bears out, in the most startling manner, all I have said about the old music in these columns during the last three years. The daily Press—the "Daily Telegraph" for example—has often told us, when an unfamiliar pianist has ventured to infuse a certain amount of feeling into a Mozart sonata, that such liberties with the tempo are not justified in the works of any composer earlier than Beethoven (it is generally Beethoven). Classical music, we have always been instructed, must be played in the classical manner: that is to say, the interpreter must not interpret, but must rush through the piece with the unrelenting exactness and hardness of a barrel-organ. The classical composers, we are always instructed, always played their music in precisely this manner, else how arose the "classical tradition?" Now whenever the word "tradition" is mentioned, I mention the word "rubbish," or some other word to the same effect. How can a tradition have come, I ask, through men who were, so to speak, non-conductors of all the qualities that were fine in the old composers' playing? In short, I have always taken the evidence of the music rather than the evidence of men who proved how little they understood of the music and who therefore may be assumed to have understood just as little of the manner in which the music was played. And now for Mr. Dolmetsch's discovery, which partly excuses all this self-glorification. A man called Don Bedos de Celles, a Benedictine, wrote a treatise on Organ-building, in 1766. Not content with describing that noble instrument the genuine organ in multitudinous detail, he must needs tell how to prepare music so that it could be played on that wholly diabolical instrument the barrel-organ. The piece he chose as an example was Balbastre's romance, then very popular. But, said Don Bedos de Celles, no true musician ever plays in exact time: the music would sound absurd if he did. So he got Monsieur Balbastre to play the romance over to him many times, which M. Balbastre was, possibly, very glad to do; he noted down the precise number of beats, or proportion of fractions of beats, each note got, and he mapped the thing out so clearly that it is practicable, with care, to play the piece precisely as Monsieur Balbastre played it a hundred and fifty years ago. And what do we find? That though the "license" permitted to the player was not so wide as that granted to a modern Chopin-player, still there was a very considerable license indeed. In fact, this diagram of good Bedos de Celles simply sweeps clean

out of existence the "classical mode of rendering" the older music, and "traditions," and the rest of those withered, hoary, Academic bugaboos. So I chortle merrily; my enemy the Academic, the pedant, is driven from his last stronghold. He will not love Mr. Dolmetsch the more; but what does that matter so long as the only true truth flourishes? By the way, the last concert of this series takes place on Friday evening next, 3 December; and the programme is one of the most alluring ever offered by Mr. Dolmetsch.

Last week I referred to a letter criticising my criticism of the libretto of "Diarmid." Here it is:—

31 October, 1897.

SIR,—Your musical critic signing himself "J. F. R." evidently has no knowledge of Gaelic. Those acquainted with the Gaelic liked the "book" of "Diarmid" well enough as rendered by Lord Lorne. To me also it was apparent that his text had been much cut down to suit Mr. McCunn's music. The "book" as it exists at present is very far from being "Diarmid" as originally written by Lord Lorne. The parts that have been cut down will be restored, it is said, when the piece goes to the provinces. It certainly ends too abruptly at present. Yours faithfully,

HIGHLANDER.

At this late date it is rather a waste of time to discuss "Diarmid" further. I merely want to ask the writer of the letter how he can expect me to know what the Marquis of Lorne's book was like before some one spoiled it. Probably it was very excellent, but I have never seen it, and my criticisms referred only to the acting version. The Marquis of Lorne should print his version as a poem, then one will be in a position to estimate his merits as a poet fairly. If he allows his work to be meddled with by musical critics, who are not poets, who are absolutely destitute of artistic temperament, whose personality sets every nerve jarring in a man of the artist temperament, he must put up with the result. And after all "Highlander" in the main agrees with me.

J. F. R.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE has been some little argument over the purchase agreement of the Cycle Manufacturers Tube Company, Limited. At the meeting held a fortnight back, Sir Edward Sullivan (in the chair) stated that under the contract the Company was called upon to pay Mr. Hooley two-thirds of the purchase consideration at once if he should demand it. This statement was evidently made by way of explanation for three payments made to Mr. Hooley—£50,000 in May, 1896; £70,000 in June, 1896; and £23,333 in August, 1896. Many contend that Sir Edward Sullivan's opinion on these premature payments is quite unjustified. One gentleman has laid the contract and other papers before eminent counsel, who have agreed that Mr. Hooley had no right, either expressly or by implication, to call upon the Company to pay him two-thirds of the purchase consideration until he had performed his part of the contract by delivery to the Company of the completed works. The Directors were therefore not justified in paying him the £143,000 at the time they did.

The Dunlop shareholders are beginning to become restless. This will cause little surprise, for the circular to which we referred last week was about as vague and mysterious as it could well be. No satisfactory explanation was given for the passing of the dividend, and as "A Dissatisfied Shareholder" sensibly points out, an explanation of the oracular document should be demanded of the Directors. Shareholders should ascertain the real nature of these mysterious "specific and lasting advantages," instead of calmly sitting down and waiting till next July, when the distribution on the Deferred Shares may be a miserable 6d. per share.

Some idea of the contemptuous indifference with which the servants of the Company treat the proprietors may be gathered from the answer sent to a shareholder who presumed to ask whether the dividends would be paid on the Preference and Ordinary shares, and when

a balance sheet would be issued. Mr. Murphy, the Secretary, writing from the offices at 14 Regent Street, has stated that the Company's financial year does not end until March 31st next, when a balance sheet will be issued. The other questions are left unanswered. In the meanwhile, the shareholders are beginning to hint at organization for purposes of self-protection. Many rumours—some of them vague, no doubt, but all of them of an unpleasant character—are afloat. Some ask if there was not a great deal of unloading of shares by those in the know just before the issue of the circular. This may be so, but the deals must have been arranged privately, for it is said that one eminent financier got rid of 300,000 shares, and it is certain that these were not thrown on the market. The question has been asked whether the profits of the Dunlop Company otherwise available for dividends have been sunk in the Amalgamated Tyres Company, Limited.

In its number of the 4th inst., "Truth," or rather Mr. Brusson, attacks the manufacture of British Columbian ventures, and as we did the same, we were glad of Mr. Brusson's support. But why did he assail Mr. Joseph Boscowitz, the well-known merchant, as "an American Hebrew." Mr. Boscowitz is not an American citizen nor an American sympathiser, and if he is a Jew surely that is not a term of reproach; and if it is, it cannot be used fairly by Mr. Brusson who, we believe, is himself a Jew and very little of an Englishman.

The "Standard and Diggers' News" is an admirably conducted paper, and supplies its readers with an abundance of valuable information on all matters connected with South African Mines, but when it gravely announces as a "prediction on excellent authority" that the Rose Deep output for November will show an increase of from 1500 to 2000 ozs., it is assuming an unnecessary air of wisdom. Of course there will be this increase in the output of the Rose Deep mine. It needs neither prophet nor excellent authority to tell us that. In October, the 100 stamp mill only ran 18 days 18 hours, yielding 5,242 ozs. of gold, and a profit for the month of £5,092. The working expenses for the first month were naturally high, amounting to £1 10s. 6d. per ton. In the thirty days of November, the 100 stamp mill will crush some 14,000 tons of ore. The working expenses will probably be reduced to £1 7s. per ton, as was the case in the second month's working of the Crown Deep mine, and the yield should, if anything, be rather higher than in October, so that a profit of at least 15s. a ton may be expected, or £10,500 for the month.

The succeeding months should show gradually improving returns. In December, if the example of the Crown Deep is followed, the working expenses will be reduced to £1 5s. per ton, giving a monthly profit of £12,500. Moreover, the remaining 100 stamps will be dropped as soon as the supply of native labour at the mine is sufficient, and the new arrangements made by the Transvaal Government with the Portuguese colony should make this possible very soon. With a 200 stamp mill, the working costs will pretty certainly be reduced to 20s. per ton, and Rose Deep Mine will then be earning the magnificent profit of £28,000 to £30,000 a month. This is equivalent to a dividend of 90 per cent. per annum on the capital, or at the present price of the shares of 15 per cent. to the investor. Taking the life of the mine with a 200 stamp mill at 15 years, 5 per cent. may be allowed for amortisation of the capital invested, leaving the safe and handsome dividend of 10 per cent. There are few investments in the market which yield such a return as this, and it is to be remembered that any improvement in the industrial conditions of the Transvaal will mean a considerable addition to the profits.

Owing to the reflux of gold from Scotland and the Continent, a favourable Bank Return was published this week. The Reserve increased by £812,000, and the proportion of Reserve to liabilities advanced from 48½ to 49½ per cent. Short loans were in good demand at about 2½ per cent., whilst the rate of discount for three months bank paper rose at one time to 3 per cent.

In the Stock Markets attention was chiefly directed to the settlement, though that undertaking did not prove very onerous. Members are of shy of entering into fresh commitments at the present time owing the nineteen day account soon to be followed by Christmastide. Consols remained steady.

Among Home Rails Great Northern Deferred attracted interest on account of the new issue of preference stock. Although it was known that an issue would be made owing to the competition of the Great Central, the announcement was made rather suddenly. The result was a fall in Great Northern Stocks. Other Home Rails drooped somewhat. At the beginning of the week there was some appearance of strength among Yankee Rails, but this was followed by a drooping tendency, whilst on Thursday the market was handicapped by Thanksgiving Day in New York. Trunks boomed during Tuesday and Wednesday, but in sympathy with Canadian Pacific showed a partial relapse on Thursday. The Foreign Market did not show much sign of life. In the Miscellaneous department Insurance Shares were interesting owing to the fires in Wood Street and Melbourne, North British and Mercantile falling two points early in the week, but afterwards recovered partially.

Mr. Samuel De Lissa, Australian merchant, of 4 Bishopsgate Street Within, is credited with being a very wealthy man. He has a large house in Pont Street, the most fashionable quarter of the Cadogan estate, and is no doubt a great man among his own particular set in the West End. But in the City Mr. De Lissa's status has undergone some severe shocks. He may have realised a fortune out of his Westralian ventures, but the unfortunate public who were foolish enough to part with their money have realised nothing but failure and, it may have been in some cases, ruin. They paid heavy purchase prices for properties that have proved utterly worthless. One by one these enterprises, over which the plausible De Lissa bragged and bounced till the last moment, drawing directors' fees all the while, have collapsed. The finish to the list is supplied by a circular issued to the shareholders of the All Nations Gold Mines during the past week. In it the Directors recommend reconstruction. It is to be hoped that the shareholders will not be foolish enough to agree to such a suggestion.

It is only a few weeks ago that the meeting of the All Nations Gold Mines was held. At that meeting no mention was made of the impending troubles. On the contrary, Mr. De Lissa indulged in his usual eloquent boast. All their expectations had been realised according to Mr. De Lissa. One shareholder, it is true, ventured to complain of the unnecessarily large fees that the directors and their friends were drawing. But Mr. De Lissa waived the complaint by stating that the mine had proved so great a success that the directors were quite justified in drawing £1600. And now we see what rubbish this talk of success was. The directors suggest reconstruction. We suggest that the Company be wound up.

Whilst on the subject it is worth while glancing back on one or two of the De Lissa fiascos. The Golden Plum Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited, was one of the most notorious. The Company was capitalised to the extent of £120,000, and £95,000 was paid for a property of 36 acres. The Golden Plum lived long enough to enable interested parties to unload shares, although the property, for which this ridiculously large sum was paid, proved to be absolutely without value as regards mining purposes. Of course, the prospectus was full of glowing accounts, and Mr. De Lissa's tongue, oiled with optimism, did its share of praise. Ladas & Foster, Limited, another of Mr. De Lissa's enterprises, paid a purchase consideration of £40,000. The purchase price of the White Flag Consols was £100,000. These and other failures floated under Mr. De Lissa's supervision have found their way to the Official Receiver's office. How far their collapse has affected Mr. De Lissa it is difficult to say. One thing, however,

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is certain, he was chiefly interested in the syndicates which received such handsome purchase considerations for worthless properties. Unhappy shareholders, lucky vendors!

The position of the Westralian and African markets have, to a certain extent, been reversed during the past few weeks. Whereas on former occasions a big bull account had existed in Kangaroos, whilst Kaffirs scarcely called for attention on Contango days, this account reveals quite a substantial bull account in certain South African descriptions. In the Westralian market, on the other hand, the disposition has been for some time past to reduce commitments as far as possible. Declines were general, though not very important, new business having been almost at a standstill.

Outside the settlement, the only feature of interest in the Kaffir market was a report on Tuesday that Mr. Rhodes' health was once more causing great anxiety. This resulted in a general decline towards the end of the day, but on Wednesday an official contradiction resulted in a recovery, and prices continued firm on till the close. Deep Levels were firm on Thursday, and by yesterday morning prices showed that even if business had been very quiet during the week, the course of prices had not been unfavourable. As regards the settlement, there was a pretty heavy bull account in Rand Mines, the charge on which was, in some cases, as high as 10 per cent, though lower rates ruled in most instances, 8 per cent. being the rate in Kaffirs generally.

The way in which some of our contemporaries flounder over their facts is painful. A morning journal seems to have learnt that two baby companies are contemplated by the Petroleum Oil Trust of Canada, but after that indulges in erroneous information. The truth is that the Petroleum Oil Trust does contemplate two subsidiary enterprises, one of which will be known as the New Oil Fields of Canada, Limited, and will have a capital of £300,000. It is safe to assume that the Petroleum Oil Trust will eventually float more than two babies, for they have an immense expanse of property, most of which is freehold, whilst in the remainder they have perpetual mining rights. The whole extends over about 80 square miles, and is situate in the Province of Quebec. The wells are new, and the oil of excellent quality.

Among the coming flotations is another London Milk enterprise. That there is scope for such an undertaking there can be no question. The milk bill of London, it is said, exceeds £50,000 daily, and the present successful companies dealing with this trade can only cope with a very small proportion. But any new enterprise that is contemplated will have to be worked on sound business-like lines, and be in the hands of practical people.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

BODEGA COMPANY.

The "Bodega" Company, Limited, has authorised Martin's Bank, Limited, to receive subscriptions for 20,000 ordinary shares of £5 each at £1 per share premium. These form the balance of 60,000 shares which make up the original capital of the "Bodega" Company. During the past five years the dividends paid by the Company have fluctuated between 7 and 8 per cent.

CHICAGO-GAIKA COMPANY.

In these days when so much expert criticism is shed on mining prospectuses, few promoters have sufficient impudence to present undated reports to the investing public. But those responsible for drafting the prospectus of the Chicago-Gaika Development Company, Limited, are, we regret to say, among the few. Their assurance is especially astonishing, for the claims are avowedly old properties, and seem to have been worked with no little vigour in past days. The tone of the prospectus suggests that they have been neglected for a long time, and it is to be feared that

the reports, even if they had been dated and proved not of ancient origin, would scarcely bring conviction to the heart of the average inventor. They are vague, inconclusive, and deal in generalities. The Company is the offspring of Willoughby's Consolidated Company, Limited, and it is worth pointing out that Mr. Walter Currie, whose undated report on the Chicago claims is published, is consulting engineer to Willoughby's Consolidated Company. Mr. St. Auburn's report on the Gaika property is evidently of ancient date, and of a half-hearted and non-committal character. Mr. St. Auburn is consulting engineer to the Rhodesia Exploration and Development Company. The Manager of that concern is interested in this latest venture of the Willoughby Group. Therefore it will be seen that investors are asked to pay no less a sum than £150,000 on the strength of vague, unconvincing, and undated reports by two gentlemen who must surely be looked upon as directly or indirectly interested in the new enterprise. The capital of the Company is £250,000 in £1 shares.

MR. FENWICK'S LATEST.

Of all the extraordinary documents that have come into our possession the prospectus of the Princes Insurance Company, Limited, is perhaps the most singular. Beyond the fact that the capital is £1,000,000, that the present issue consists of 10,000 shares of £10 each, and that marine insurance is the chief object of the enterprise, there seems to be no information whatever in the prospectus. There are a great many generalities and vague references to Stock Exchange lists by which the promoters strive to persuade the public that marine insurance is a profitable business. Indeed, the spirit of exaggeration is carried so far that we are actually informed that this is a "solid, permanent" investment as distinguished from a speculation. Of course, all such statements are impudent and absurd. There is no class of enterprise so speculative and risky as that of marine insurance. In addition to this, it must be borne in mind that competition is so keen among offices of this kind that a new Company can hope for little else than the dregs of marine insurance business, and only those acquainted with the shipping world can realise what that means. It is at least a consolation to feel that no gentlemen have had the effrontery to put their names on the prospectus as Directors. In fact, the only names that appear at all are those of Mr. L. White, the Secretary, and Messrs. T. Fenwick & Co., of 64 New Broad Street, who invite subscriptions. The offices of the Company are also 64 New Broad Street; and, unless we are much mistaken, the enterprise is the work of that resourceful individual, Mr. T. Fenwick, who has been behind the scenes of half the wild-cat schemes that have amused City cynics during the last few years. The Anglo-West-African Concessions, the first of Mr. Fenwick's enterprises that we call to mind, was a pitiable affair. It was formed with a capital of £130,000 in £1 shares to acquire certain concessions in West Africa, the purchase consideration having been fixed at £90,000. In 1895, 86,667 shares were offered to the public. Up to April, 1896, less than 500 shares had been subscribed.

This struggling Anglo-West African Concessions, Limited, in March of last year, invited subscriptions for 50,000 £1 shares, the whole of the capital of the Good Luck Gold Properties, Limited, another of Mr. Fenwick's ventures. This seems to have been even a worse failure than the former, for as far as we can gather no allotment had been made up to the end of the year. Other weird undertakings with which this ingenious person has been associated are the First Hand Syndicate, of which curious sounding corporation he is chairman, the Merchants' Fire Office, and the Insurance Corporation. Like most unsuccessful persons, Mr. Fenwick seems to rush recklessly from one enterprise to another, be they of the most diverse character. But he fails in the first essential of the company organizer. He cannot attract the public. The Princes Insurance Company is perhaps the least attractive of his schemes.

ANOTHER KLONDYKE COMPANY.

The promoters of the Klondyke Gold Mining and Trading Company, Limited, have collected together a

Board of Directors more astonishing than imposing. There is Mr. Perry F. Nursey, C.E., late President of the Society of Engineers, whose name is not to be found in the "Directory of Directors." But, despite this, Mr. Nursey's name has been associated with several enterprises, all of which ended so unsuccessfully that our only surprise is he should have the heart to once more court a company director's career. The Pneumatic Typewriter Company, the Unfreezable Dynamite Company, the Natural Pure Water Engineering Company, and Henry Bolton & Co. are also among the ventures which Mr. Nursey has directed in past days. We cannot refer the inquisitive reader to the usual books of reference, for the names of every one of these companies have disappeared from these directories. But should he have energy and perseverance enough to study the files at Somerset House, he will learn an instructive lesson in failure. A civil engineer like Mr. Nursey is likely to know far less about Klondyke than he did about pneumatic typewriters and unfreezable dynamite. How, then, can his name be taken as a guarantee for the former when his connexion with the latter companies was so unsatisfactory. The other Directors of the Klondyke Gold Mining and Trading Company are men quite unknown to the average investor. Perhaps the most interesting is Mr. Colin Aitken, who was before the investing public a short time ago as a director of the London and South-Eastern Bank, whose latest prospectus we dealt with some weeks ago. Then there is Mr. F. W. Largs, of the *Toronto Daily Mail*—evidently journalists in Canada are luckier than at home. London journalists are not offered these comfortable little directorships. It is most important that the public should consider the personnel of this Board, for the Klondyke Gold Mining and Trading Company, Limited, is quite a prospective affair. It is true that, unlike some Klondyke enterprises, there has been a successful attempt to purchase property. But the reports on the acquisition are only referred to in an irresponsible and general manner. The capital of the Company is £100,000, divided into 10,000 founder's shares of £1 each, and 90,000 preference shares of £1 each.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

ASSURANCE COMPANY (A. C. E., Edinboro')—A respectable Office. But you might do better in the Sun or the Guardian.

BEE, Shifnal.—Your best plan is to invest in some sound industrial Company, such as the Aërated Bread Company (A). Cape Coppers are a good investment, but they have just had a spurt on the dividend announcement. You had better wait a week or two. All the South African shares you mention are good to buy.

PETROLEUM OIL TRUST (A. R., Bayswater).—Many thanks for letter, which suggested paragraph above. You may safely purchase these shares.

GOLDFIELDS DEFERRED (R. V., Palace Gate).—Hold for the present.

IMPERIAL AND CONTINENTAL JAM COMPANY (Professor, Glasgow).—We cannot recommend the shares.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

PARIS.

SIR,—I have received the article by your new gentleman—a simple youth, of German extraction—"belockter Jüngling"—I take it, from his light-hearted conviction that he is "in among 'em," and his free use of Limburger French.

Most of the text of his paper I think Romeike used to send me long ago. "Tewed" is strange, to me—Yiddish I daresay—don't let him translate it. I trust I may never know what it means.

But "Fais l'entrer!" (*sic*) intrigues me vastly, and I would ask whence come these odd words, and what bit of acrobatic imitation I could possibly have expected, from Mr. Joseph Pennell, when I used them?

I congratulate you, Sir, upon your latest acquisition in all his freshness, and I would say to him, as Marshal MacMahon said to the negro, "Continuez!"

Pray, Sir, receive also the assurance of my complete appreciation.

J. McNEILL WHISTLER.

DISCIPLINE IN THE SERVICES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The following extract from the "Westminster Gazette" of the 24th will probably excite keen indignation among those who, like the "Globe," think that a lad who would strike his officer must be "such a black-guard at heart" that no punishment can be too cruel for him:—

"An eye-witness states that a singular scene was witnessed yesterday morning at a parade of one of the Scotch regiments now quartered at Aldershot. The sergeant of a company bullied and swore at the men, complaining of the manner in which they were drilling, and individualising the men against whom his remarks were specially directed. At last a young soldier, who had been several times referred to, lost control of himself, and sprang out of the ranks and prodded the sergeant with his rifle, which he then clubbed. But on the sergeant stepping out of the way, he hurled the weapon at him. It was fortunate that the company had no bayonets fixed. The man then threw himself into a fighting attitude, but was seized and marched off by a file of men to the guard-room, and a second man was ordered to take off his belt and put down his rifle, and was sent off to the guard-room. The scene caused considerable excitement."

I presume this young soldier will be sent by a tribunal of officers to a military prison where there is plenty of flogging, *pour encourager les autres* (the other sergeants). Yours faithfully, G. BERNARD SHAW.

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM EXPLAINS.

[This letter was sent off by Mr. Graham by a messenger from the Atlas Mountains; the messenger was detained ten days by an unfriendly tribe.]

Thelatta-el-Yacoob, Kuntafi, Atlas Mountains, Morocco, 22 October, 1897.

SIR,—It will, I fear, be impossible for me to review the work called "The Canon" about which I spoke to you. I hope, therefore, that you will place it in competent hands, for it is a well-written and curious book. You know that I am reluctant, as a general rule, to undertake reviewing, but in this case I should have been glad to make an exception to my usual practice. Before reviewing a book I like to place a copy of it upon my table, and after looking carefully at the outside of it, peruse the preface, glance at the title-page, read the last paragraph, and then to work. On this occasion title and paragraph, even the preface (which, I understand, is worthy of consideration) are beyond my reach.

Not to be prolix, I may explain that for the last four days I have been a prisoner in the Atlas Mountains at the above address, and that there seems no speedy prospect of my release. For details, see the "Daily Chronicle," to which I have addressed a letter, with one to our Ambassador in Tangier, which will I hope arrive some day, for when night falls our messenger is to endeavour to cross the hills to Mogador, our nearest post town, 200 miles away, and to inform the Consul of our case.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

MR. MORLEY ON GUICCIARDINI.

SIR,—It may interest you to know that the article on "Guicciardini" in the current number of the "Nineteenth Century" does not only show Mr. Morley to possess a very superficial knowledge of Italian history and Italian literature—such knowledge as may be gathered from encyclopædias, &c.—but also shows us a Radical statesman so ignorant of the subject about which he is writing that he actually praises one of the most notorious "trimmers" and time-servers that ever lived. A man, who, in the hope of marrying his daughter to a Medici, betrayed the Florentine Republic to a petty tyrant; a man, who was in power when Machiavelli was put to the rack, though he called Machiavelli his friend; a man, who died in impotent rage and despair, when the tyrant he had served so well, and for whose sake he had stooped to the vilest and basest deeds, laughed at his ambitious schemes and got rid of him and his precious daughter—this is the man praised by Mr. Morley!—Yours, &c., L. R.

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GRATIS.

SUPPLEMENT.

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SIR HENRY FOWLER ON THE INDIAN FORWARD POLICY.

IT is not the custom of the "Saturday Review" to publish political speeches, much less the speeches of our political opponents. We do not profess to give news in our columns, but a Review and Criticism of News, and so we usually leave the promulgation of news to the newspapers. But the best rules have their exceptions, and several factors have combined to induce us to break our rule in this instance. First of all, we have opposed the Indian Forward Policy of the present Government from its very beginning, and its deplorable consequences have only come to justify our *à priori* criticism of it. Nor must our readers think that in doing this we are breaking with Conservative Policy. We are but returning to the old and sane Conservative tradition. When discussing the subject of an extension of the Indian Frontier, in March, 1843, Mr. Disraeli said "On the west and east we have 2000 miles of neutral territory, on the north impassable mountains, and on the south 10,000 miles of unfathomable ocean. Is it possible to conceive a more perfect barrier than that which I have described? Can a boundary possibly be devised more perfect and safe than the boundary our Empire possessed before the invasion of Afghanistan?" But even with a boundary a hundredfold less secure than it is, our statesmen should still regard the poverty of India, and not seek a new defence at the cost of her bankruptcy. The second factor is a more important one. Sir Henry Fowler's speech which we now reproduce, *verbatim et literatim*, seems to us by far the ablest statement of the case that has yet appeared. It is written with special knowledge, and little, or no, padding. No leading article could add to its cogency. In his letter that appeared in the "Times" on Thursday last, Mr. Balfour proved, we think, that Sir Henry Fowler made far too much of "the point of honour" argument; that was manifestly an afterthought. But with this solitary exception, Sir Henry Fowler's argument stands uncontroverted and incontrovertible. It deserves, therefore, the widest publicity; it is not too much to say that it has received the scantiest notice at the hands even of Radical editors. "The Daily Chronicle" compressed its report into a bare column and a half. Consequently, we do our best to atone for this general want of appreciation. In his speech at Wolverhampton on Saturday last, Sir Henry Fowler said:—

There are many grave questions which are occupying public attention, and in the foremost place is the conflict which is now raging on the North-west frontier of India. The nation has been thrilled with the records of heroic courage which have upheld the proud traditions of the British army and displayed the unflinching loyalty of those Indian troops who rank among the bravest soldiers in the service of the Queen. But the strength and unanimity of this national feeling necessitates some reconsideration of the policy with which in the past, and I am afraid in the future, this brilliant campaign is involved. The office which I held in the late Government requires that I should take my share, and it is no small share, of the responsibility for the action which our successors have reversed and censured. In this controversy, as in all controversies, the first step is to ascertain the facts, and, as many of the criticisms upon the conduct of my colleagues and myself ignore or misrepresent both facts and dates, I am bound as briefly as I can to go into some detail in telling the story of the events which preceded the outbreak which it is now the duty of the Indian Government to suppress. On the 1st January, 1895, the native ruler of the Chitral was assassinated by order of his brother. A British officer representing the Government of India was in Chitral with a small escort when the murder took place, and

to him the usurper sent a deputation asking to be recognised as his brother's successor. The reply was that the question would be referred to the Government of India, whose orders must be awaited. In the meantime a detachment of soldiers was sent to Chitral, and Mr. (now Sir George) Robertson, who was the political agent at headquarters, started for Chitral. He arrived on the 1st February. In the interval a native chief, who was, no doubt, an accomplice in the conspiracy, invaded the State of Chitral with a large force. Sir George Robertson took up his position in the fort, and the troops accompanying him made up a garrison of nearly 400 men. Further fighting took place, and early in March Sir George and his garrison were besieged. On the 8th March I was informed of the necessity of an expedition to rescue Sir G. Robertson, and on that day I telegraphed to the Government of India, authorising them to take any action that they might deem necessary to secure the safety of the British force. Those men were there, representing their Queen and country, and we were bound at all cost to give them protection. That was the first consideration of the moment. The Indian Government, with admirable promptitude, at once mobilised a large army—some 15,000 men—and prepared to cross the frontier. Chitral—a country about the size of Wales—is described by Captain Younghusband, who is intimately acquainted with the locality, as a "sea of mountains, practically bare, except in the lower part, and it is only in small patches at the very bottom of the narrow valleys that any cultivation at all can be found." The State is bounded in the main by the countries inhabited by some of the tribes with whom we are now so sadly familiar. The fort of Chitral is nearly 200 miles from Peshawur, and the army intended to relieve that fort had to march through the territory held by these independent tribes. It was, therefore, of the first importance not only to avoid conflict with them, but, if possible, to secure their friendly co-operation. To attain this object, the proclamation about which so much controversy has raged was issued, in the middle of March. That proclamation stated, first, that notice had been given to the chief of the besieging army that unless he retired from Chitral by the 1st of April the Government of India would use force to compel him; secondly, that the sole object of the Government was to put an end to the present, and to prevent any future unlawful aggression on Chitral territory; thirdly, that as soon as that object had been attained the force would be withdrawn; fourthly, that the Government had no intention of permanently occupying any territory through which they passed, or of interfering with the independence of the tribes; and, fifthly, that they would scrupulously avoid any acts of hostility towards the tribesmen so long as they on their part refrained from attacking or impeding in any way the march of the troops. I may say I was aware of the general purport of this proclamation, but I did not receive the text until the 2nd of April.

Without discussing at present the effect of this proclamation, it is not unimportant to consider what it was then understood to mean. In the "Times" of the 23rd March their correspondent in a telegram describes the proclamation as stating that we did not intend to annex any territory, "but merely to compel the invading chief to evacuate Chitral." A few days later, on the 28th March, Mr. George Curzon, who had been Under Secretary of State for India in Lord Salisbury's Administration, and whose authority on all Eastern questions is exceptionally high, wrote to the "Times" on the situation in Chitral, and in that letter he says: "I see that the Indian Government have issued a proclamation to the tribes to say that as soon as they had attained their object in Chitral the British force will be withdrawn, and that there is no intention of occupying the intervening territory. Of course this may be technically true; but if this proclamation means, as it will undoubtedly be interpreted to mean, that having opened up the essential and inevitable route to Chitral, we are going to allow it again to be closed, it will be difficult to find words in which to describe the melancholy fatuity of such a decision." A perfectly fair criticism on Mr. Curzon's part, but you see what it involves. The Indian Government in their despatch dated 17th April state that "a proclamation was issued to the people of Swat and others on the Peshawur frontier, announcing the intention and object of Government, assuring them that we did not intend to permanently occupy any territory through which the force might pass, or interfere with the independence of the tribes, and promising friendly treatment to all those who did not oppose the march of the troops." The same despatch further states that after the issue of the proclamation the authorities at once commenced negotiations with the Swatis and other tribes concerned, and explained the situation to them; that our agent,

having learnt that some of the other tribes had been recalled to their homes, he was authorised to explain to the people the purport of the proclamation; and that one of the principal chiefs had, on receipt of the proclamation, openly declared himself a friend of the Government. Thus we have from the press, from the official Opposition through the responsible representative in the House of Commons of the India Office in the preceding Government, from the Government of India, and from the action of some of the tribesmen, what was the general impression of the meaning of the proclamation. I need not recall the brilliant story of the defence and relief of Chitral. On that there is no conflict of opinion. The Englishmen of to-day and the Englishmen of the future will never forget the unselfish heroism which distinguished Sir George Robertson and his comrades during that memorable siege, nor the splendid courage which characterised the advance from Peshawur, and the march from Gilgit. The controversy arises as to the conflicting policies which followed the complete success of the military expedition. And for those policies the two Cabinets which in turn adopted them are alone responsible. It was the duty of the Government of India to advise the Home Government on all the aspects, both civil and military, of the grave and difficult questions which the state of affairs at Chitral has raised. It was the duty of the home Government to treat that advice with the greatest consideration, to appreciate the weighty arguments which had influenced the eminent men of whom the Government of India was composed, but the decision and the responsibility rested, and solely rested, with the Cabinet of the Queen. Our policy with respect to Chitral was not a new question. It had occupied the attention of Lord Cross, Lord Kimberley, and of myself, and the existing arrangements were temporary. Aware of this, I telegraphed to the Viceroy on the 30th March that as soon as the present trouble was over, our policy with regard to Chitral and neighbourhood would have to be fully and carefully reconsidered in the light of recent events, and that our hands must be kept perfectly free. "I hope," I added, "that you will take care that nothing is said or done to commit the Government either way with regard to making new roads or retention of posts now occupied or occupation of new posts."

On April 19, the day Chitral was relieved, I asked by telegram for the advice of the Indian Government on the strategical and political importance of Chitral, and for their suggestions as to the course to be adopted in the future. This telegram was crossed by a telegram to me from India, and in that telegram the Viceroy stated that in the opinion of the Indian Government the military occupation of Chitral, supported by a road to Peshawur, was a matter of first importance, and he added: "We are unanimous in your permission to enter into negotiations with the tribes with the view to obtaining their consent to the opening up of this road, when, in our opinion, the opportunity arises, in connexion with General Low's advance, and in thinking loss of this opportunity would be serious mistake." It may give you some idea of the length and character of the proposed road if I say that if on the map Birmingham stood for Peshawur, Carlisle would represent Chitral, and the Alps the intervening country. On April 20 the Viceroy telegraphed me, in reply to my telegram which had been crossed, that the telegram which I have just quoted expressed the views of the Indian Government as to the importance of Chitral, but that without entering into negotiations with the intervening tribes he could not answer as to the extent of political difficulties or cost of road. To this I replied that I had no objection to his sounding the tribes as to the terms and conditions on which they would consent to opening and maintaining the road from Peshawur to Chitral, should this road be hereafter decided on, but I further stated that I did not wish to be committed to any policy until Her Majesty's Government had fully considered the detailed views and arguments of the Indian Government with respect to that policy. On May 8 the Indian Government sent a despatch containing their views and arguments. I was advised by telegraph as to the effect of the despatch, and also of the desire of the Indian Government that the decision of the Cabinet should be postponed until after the arrival of the despatch by mail and of its accompanying documents. The despatch reached me about the end of May—I think the 27th or 28th. It was a masterly and lucid reply to my request for the detailed views of the Indian Government upon the questions I had submitted for their consideration. The situation with its dangers was clearly set forth, and very powerful arguments were urged in favour of the policy advocated. That policy was the military occupation of the Chitral Valley and the construction of the road from Peshawur. With respect to the road, the despatch stated the difficulties to be (1) that the expense might be prohibitive; (2) that if the opening of the road meant subduing the tribes and holding the line by force, it would not only involve great cost, but many embarrassing complications. The Indian Government added that they were not convinced that these difficulties would occur. They stated that the expedition had not aroused a general religious war, that the hostility of the tribes been exaggerated, that the leading men were amenable to arguments of utility, that the fanatical Mahometan influence was less strong than it was believed to be, and that it might be possible to come to arrangements with the intervening tribes which, backed by force, would be adequate to keep open a route by

which troops and supplies could be sent up to Chitral. They added, that without opening negotiations they could not say what chance there really was of making satisfactory and permanent and amicable arrangements, and that it would be impossible, under existing circumstances, to do more than make indirect inquiries until they were informed of the decision of Her Majesty's Government on the whole policy to be adopted in Chitral. The despatch concluded with the statement that the Indian Government were fully conscious that the course which they recommended might involve the Government in an expense which the finances of India could ill afford, and in an increase of responsibilities with the tribes on the North-west frontier, which they would fain avoid.

The late Government have been blamed for unnecessary delay in arriving at their decision, and they have been accused of acting with rash precipitation. Both these inconsistent charges are unfounded. The question was not one to be decided, as one of my critics said, in twenty-four hours. It required consultation with the highest expert authorities, both military and civil, and it demanded the fullest consideration by the Government, with whom the responsibility of the decision rested. Both these conditions were fulfilled. The question was primarily a military one—viz., whether Chitral was of such strategical importance as to be essential as a safeguard from invasion. The Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army and the military member of the Indian Government were both of opinion that it was, and in that view they were supported by the great authority of Lord Roberts. On the other hand, Indian generals of equal weight were of a contrary opinion. Lord Rosebery's Government felt it to be their duty to avail themselves of the best military advice that they could obtain; and I say now, as I have already said in the House of Commons, that, so far as military considerations were concerned, our policy was settled upon the advice of some of the most eminent military authorities in the Empire. Their advice and its reasons could not be published, but I may state that the effect of their unanimous opinion was that the gigantic natural defences of the North-west frontier would not be strengthened by the military occupation of Chitral, that it was not a place of importance either as a base for military reserves or for military operations, that to lock up troops in Chitral or in the Chitral Valley would be a blunder, and that the construction of a military road from Peshawur to Chitral would be an advantage to an invading force and a disadvantage to a defending force. There were many other confidential considerations of a technical and detailed character to which I cannot refer, but which strengthened the opinion of our military advisers. The occupation of Chitral depended upon opening and maintaining the road, and that, as we considered, depended upon obtaining the consent of the tribes. Civilian experts, Indian statesmen with long experience of the frontier and of the tribes, were of opinion that to make the road under arrangements with the tribes would lead sooner or later to a control over the whole of the country through which it passed; that a policy of insisting upon open roads and respecting at the same time the independence of the tribes was impossible; that the road could not be effectually kept open and protected for any length of time by merely tribal arrangements, but would have to be protected by regular troops; and that the construction and holding of the road meant the practical subjection and annexation of the tribes and their territory between Peshawur and Chitral. After careful consideration it appeared to us that the construction and defence of the road with the consent of the tribes would be a dangerous policy, and even if such arrangements could be made they could not be relied on as of practical or permanent value. We were further of opinion that to construct the road without those arrangements would be a violation of the proclamation, on the faith of which several of the tribes did not combine against and oppose our march through their territories. Having regard to all the considerations which I have briefly summarised, the late Government came to the conclusion that they would not be justified in accepting the proposals contained in the despatch, and they decided that no military force or European agent should be kept at Chitral, that the road should not be made, and that the army which had effected the relief operations should return to British territory as speedily as circumstances would allow, the dates and details being left to the discretion of the Indian Government. That decision was telegraphed to the Viceroy on the 13th June. The next day he replied that, while deeply regretting, he loyally accepted our decision, and a few days later he telegraphed the proposals of the Indian Government for carrying out our policy. On the day on which that telegram arrived we tendered our resignation to Her Majesty.

Now, gentlemen, I have given you a complete and, as I believe and intend, an impartial account of the action of my colleagues and myself. The leader of the House of Commons has severely attacked not only our policy, but our personal conduct, and I should be wanting in my duty to my colleagues and myself if I did not take some notice of the charges which he has brought against us. He alleges that no communication was ever made to Lord Elgin that the opinion was entertained that the policy advocated by the despatch of the 8th May was inconsistent with the terms of the proclamation. He emphasises this charge by insinuating that Lord Rosebery and myself, many weeks after we left office, invented the idea of a breach of the

proclamation, and that our own colleagues—he mentions Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith by name—were totally unaware when the Cabinet arrived at its decision that any such idea had been entertained. Mr. Balfour is incapable of making a statement which he does not believe to be true; but in this case the information on which he spoke was imperfect and inaccurate. His allegation is absolutely unfounded, and to it I give the most unqualified contradiction. Without disclosing what was confidential, I am bound to say that immediately on receipt of the despatch of the 8th May I personally communicated with Lord Elgin on this question. I frankly admit that Lord Elgin did not consider that the policy proposed in that despatch was a breach of the proclamation, and he gave me his reasons for holding that opinion. Those reasons, together with the despatch, were submitted by me to all my colleagues some days before the Cabinet meeting was held when they arrived at their decision. Mr. Balfour talks of bandying arguments backwards and forwards between the Home Government and the Government of India, and he refers to some controversy about questions of expense, of policy, and of military strategy. All this is a flight of his brilliant imagination. There was no controversy, and no bandying backwards and forwards of any arguments. I asked, as I was bound to ask, the Government of India for their opinion. They gave it in their despatch which arrived at the end of May. They were anxious for our decision. That decision was given immediately after the consideration to which I have already alluded. Mr. Balfour talks about our overruling the Government of India. This is a complete misunderstanding, not only of the constitutional position of the Government of India, but of everything that took place between the Imperial and local Governments. The decision of this and all similar cases rests solely with the Imperial authority, and for the reason which Lord Salisbury stated in his well-known despatch, where he laid down the sound doctrine that the supreme authority of Parliament is the reason and the measure of the authority exercised by the home Government in Indian affairs, that so far as Parliament is concerned no responsibility of the Government of India exists, and that the only responsibility known to Parliament is that of the Minister of the Crown. The late Government were responsible for the decision to evacuate Chitral. The present Government are responsible for the reversal of that decision. The late Government were of opinion that their decision prevented any violation of the proclamation. If they were wrong, they and they alone must submit to censure. The present Government are of opinion that the course which they have pursued is consistent both with the letter and spirit of the proclamation. If they are wrong, they and they alone must bear the blame. To describe criticism or censure of their policy as being not an attack upon Lord Salisbury and Lord Salisbury's Government, but a personal attack upon Lord Elgin and his Council, is a flagrant contradiction of the facts of the case and an unworthy attempt to hide the real responsibility of the Cabinet behind the great personality of the Viceroy, who pre-eminently deserves, in Mr. Balfour's own words, "the support, the encouragement, and the cordial admiration of every citizen of this country." If we had remained in office a few days longer, it would have been my duty to have sent a despatch to India putting on permanent record all the reasons which led to and justified the decision conveyed by our telegram, and our opinion of the subsequent proposals made by the Government of India. Those reasons were, however, on the very first opportunity after the general election fully stated by the late Prime Minister and by myself in both Houses of Parliament. My successor, on taking office, announced that the present Government would reconsider the Chitral question, and on the 1st August he inquired as to the possibility of arrangement with the tribes for the road. The Indian Government replied that they had avoided open negotiations with the tribes, but that the reports received by them warranted the confident expectation that peaceable arrangements could be made. They also stated that no addition to the army was asked. Some days later Lord George Hamilton telegraphed the assent of the Government to the proposals contained in the despatch of the 8th May, subject to the condition (among others) that there should be no increase to the army and he added, "Do nothing in any way to infringe the terms of the proclamation." A fresh despatch followed in due course, in which the Indian Secretary stated his opinion that the reports as to the expectation that a peaceable arrangement could be made as to the road and that the army would not be increased materially altered the position, that it removed the doubt which had been felt—not only felt by us, but by them—as to the opening up the road by peaceful means and maintaining it without an intolerable burden of expenditure being imposed on the Indian revenue. The removal of this doubt cleared away the main obstacle to the proposals in the despatch, and he had thereupon telegraphed their acceptance by the Government. The Indian Secretary concludes with a paragraph, which, to say the least of it, throws a side-light on some recent assertions that the idea of any breach of the proclamation was an after-thought, which first saw the light in the autumn of 1897. I quote the words of this paragraph:—"But your information is still incomplete as to the exact cost of the scheme, and I felt some doubts as to the absolute necessity of permanently maintaining regular troops on the Malakand Pass, and as to whether the tribes would see in this an infringement of the proclamation.—I therefore added to my telegram the injunction that the arrangements

for this part of the scheme should be held over pending the receipt of fuller details of expense and a caution for strictly keeping to the conditions of the proclamation." This despatch had not been published when Lord Rosebery made his speech in the House of Lords. Lord Rosebery, however, stated the arguments which had influenced his Government in deciding against the military occupation of Chitral, and one of those arguments was the "breaking faith with the people among whom the campaign had taken place." A fortnight later, when the papers had been published, a long debate took place in the House of Commons, and I then explained and defended the action of the late Government. Lord George Hamilton in his speech attacked what he called my indictment of the Indian Government with respect to the proclamation. In reply, I stated that, in my belief, Lord Elgin and his colleagues had no intention of violating the terms of the proclamation, and they believed that peaceable arrangements could be made for the construction of the road, and although I did not agree with them in this opinion, I admitted that if these arrangements could be made there would be no violation of the proclamation. I added that this was a question of argument, and not one of imputation upon Lord Elgin, for whom I had a profound respect. What I said then I repeat to-day, and the point at issue then was (and Sir W. Harcourt in the debate urged it with great force)—Could this road be peaceably made and maintained under arrangements which had any hope of permanency? The events of the last four months have, I think, decided that question. Eventually agreements were made with some of the tribes for the construction and defence of the road by their levies, for the surrender of their rights to tolls, and for payments to the chiefs. The Queen's speech at the commencement of the session of 1896 declared that these agreements had been loyally carried out. In the debate on the Address, Lord G. Hamilton stated that the most sanguine anticipations any one could have indulged in had been more than realised. He congratulated the Conservative party for their true political instinct when, by an overwhelming majority, they assented to this forward movement, and declared his belief that "there had been no forward movement in recent years made by any Government which had been more beneficial and which would tend to put an end to those periodical disturbances and outbreaks of fanaticism which had previously characterised that remote corner of India." Within less than eighteen months after that rosy picture had been presented to the House of Commons the tribes in the Swat Valley, through whose country the road had been opened, with whom one of the peaceable arrangements had been made, and to whose chiefs large subsidies had been promised and paid, commenced the recent outbreak. They attacked one of the fortified posts on the road, and, as one report stated, "the whole valley was up." The extent and character of this attack was of such a nature that two brigades—one containing four and the other three regiments; with three mountain batteries—were sent forward to support the garrison. After five days' fighting the force under the command of Sir Bindon Blood—about 5000 men—completely defeated the tribes. By this victory the threatened attack on the Malakand fort—the principal fort on the road—by an army of 6000 was prevented. A week later several thousand men of another tribe attacked one of our forts only fifteen miles from Peshawur. That attack was, after fierce fighting, brilliantly repulsed. The Government of India properly poured troops into the district, and by the middle of August our forces had increased to about 37,000 men. At that date, according to one account, "the tribes were all up through a mountain district 600 miles long by 200 miles broad." Then came the treacherous outbreak of the Afridis—a tribe hitherto loyal to the Government, and to whom had been intrusted for nearly twenty years the guardianship of the Kyber Pass. In September we were attacked at Nawagai. The Khan of that tribe was the chief who openly declared himself a friend of the Government on receipt of the proclamation, and his tribe attacked our forces with some 3000 men. This tribal rising has necessitated military operations on a most gigantic scale. I understood Lord Lansdowne on the 9th November to say that our forces on the frontier numbered 70,000 men—more than double the number we had engaged at Waterloo, and a larger number than have ever been engaged in conflict in India before. Lord George Hamilton tells us that not even in the recollection of those who passed through the Mutiny has there ever been so spontaneous and unaccountable an outbreak. I ask myself, and I ask you, is it absolutely unaccountable? The Secretary of State is of opinion that the triple visitations of famine, plague, and earthquake, combined with the repulse of the Greek invasion of Turkey, were the main causes of this outbreak. I was not aware that the frontier had been desolated by the famine or the plague. Mr. Balfour tells us that the chief cause was the victory of the Mahometan Turks over the Christian Greeks. I ask whether there have been any signs of disaffection among the sixty millions of Her Majesty's Mahometan subjects in India? Have any of the Mahometan States sympathised with this alleged religious war? The Queen, in her gracious telegram which Lord Salisbury read at the Guildhall, expressed the intensity of the feeling with which she had heard of "the affectionate and devoted support which her throne, her cause, and her Empire had received from the

native princes and people of India." Among the most illustrious of these native princes are the great Mahometan chiefs. The theory that the wild mountaineers of the North-west have embarked in a crusade to destroy the British rule in India appears to me about as probable as that the growing dissatisfaction with the Government as shown in the bye-elections is owing to the muzzling of the dogs. At the time when I was considering the retention of Chitral, I was officially informed that there was a certain freemasonry among the tribes on the North-west frontier, that those who were too distant from the scene of any expedition to think of joining at once in hostilities against us began to take some interest in their fellow-tribesmen when they heard of any permanent occupations of new tracts, and that, in their jealous desire to maintain their complete independence, they had a common link of sympathy. It appears to me that this warning was well founded, and that it is within the range of probability that the construction of military forts and the presence of large bodies of troops in districts beyond the frontier aroused the passionate fear of annexation, which is the hereditary patriotism of the tribes. It is a significant fact that one of the tribes, in reply to Sir W. Lockhart's recent proclamation, protested against the occupation of Swat (the district through which the road runs), and declared that they would oppose further inroads.

It may be that a belief that the Chitral road and its garrisons were the first steps towards the destruction of the independence of the tribes kindled the conflagration which cannot be extinguished except at the fearful sacrifices which the telegrams from India daily record. But when the fire has been put out, when the victory has been achieved, what next? The question not only for the people and Government of India, but for the people and Parliament and Government of Great Britain, is what is to be our future policy in the North-west of India? The respective merits of Governments dwindle into insignificance when we are confronted with one of the gravest difficulties of our Indian Empire. Anglo-Indian statesmen, both civil and military, are divided as to the wisest and safest frontier policy. One section, in view of a possible invasion of India by Russia, advocate the Forward policy. They maintain that our frontiers should be extended until they touch the frontiers of Russia and Afghanistan. They consider that the tribes which occupy the vast region of mountains and deserts which lie between us and what may be called neighbouring Powers should be subjugated and their country annexed, and that thus India would secure a scientific frontier, which would be of supreme advantage in case of any attack. The other section, who have been called the party of "masterly inactivity," maintain that every step forward weakens our defence—that our dominions are completely guarded by the mountain ranges of the Himalayas and the Hindoo Kush; that we should cultivate friendly relations with the intervening tribes and respect their independence; that to conquer and hold their territory would require a large increase of the Indian army; that the additional expenditure would be an intolerable tax on Indian resources; that our true and safe policy is to develop the trade, the agriculture, the manufactures, the railways and canals, the health and education of the people of India; and that it would be an act of supreme folly to abandon all these enterprises in order to spend vast sums on a military policy the necessity for which has been denied by many of the most eminent Viceroy, the most experienced civilians, and the most illustrious soldiers who have made and maintained our Indian Empire. Twenty years ago these conflicting policies were submitted to the test of Parliamentary discussion. The advocates of the Forward policy, who were the authors of the Afghan War, defeated their opponents in the House of Commons by a majority of 101. The Opposition were not dismayed. When the time came they appealed to the final authority of the electorate, and the decision was reversed.

There were no speeches in that celebrated election which dealt so powerfully and so convincingly with the danger and the folly of the Forward policy in its bearing not only on Afghanistan, but on the frontier tribes, as the speeches of the Duke of Devonshire. He, as Secretary of State for India, in opposition to the strong opinion of the Indian Government, ordered the evacuation of Candahar. Motions censuring his action were proposed in both Houses of Parliament. The debates were of a high order, and all the arguments for and against the Forward policy were stated with consummate ability. Lord Salisbury, Lord George Hamilton, and Mr. Balfour enforced their disapproval of the evacuation of Candahar with the same arguments and with the same prophecies that they have opposed the evacuation of Chitral. In the House of Lords the majority in favour of the Forward policy was 89. In the House of Commons the majority for the policy of the Duke of Devonshire was 120. Every member of the present Cabinet

(except Mr. Goschen, who was abroad) voted in those decisions, and it throws some light on the reversal of the policy to evacuate Chitral when we remember that fourteen of the Ministers who made that decision voted against the evacuation of Candahar. And what has been the result of our experience since 1881? I doubt whether any responsible statesman will to-day assert that the withdrawal from Afghanistan was a mistake. On the contrary, I believe—I may say I know—the vast preponderance of authority supports the opinion that the evacuation so bitterly opposed was a wise and judicious policy. We have now two courses open to us. One is the occupation and administration of the whole country through which we have passed in the recent expeditions; the other is that, having shown our ability to defeat all hostile attacks of the tribes, we should leave the tribes alone, maintain friendly relations with them as far as possible, but avoid not only the annexation, but the appearance of annexation of their country. It has been well said that if France had a Switzerland between her and Germany, she would be safer than she is now. British India has a mightier Switzerland lying across her border. Why should we destroy so strong a bulwark? If, as Lord George Hamilton suggests, we are to construct roads, erect forts, and hold positions in Tirah and adjoining countries, we are taking the first step which will inevitably lead to conflict, to lavish sacrifice of men and money, and finally to annexation. The attempt to open roads through these regions means a permanent military force; it means interference with the native inhabitants, punishment of offending tribes. That will be followed by further control, by punitive and probably rescuing expeditions, and in the end annexation. And at what cost, and to gain what advantage to India? We have yet to deal with the cost of the present expedition. What that cost is I don't know, but, if it approaches the figures I have seen, the Indian revenue cannot meet it, and I go further and say ought not to be asked to meet it. Parliament in 1880 resolved to contribute five millions towards the cost of the Afghan War. The reasons which justified that vote are more forcible to-day than they were then. To throw upon India, in addition to the enormous cost and loss of the famine and the plague, the entire cost of the present war would be an injustice which would rankle in every part of the Indian Empire. But I refer to the cost of the policy in the future. By whom is that to be defrayed? By the Indian taxpayer or by the British taxpayer? Ask the present and the late Finance Ministers of India, ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I think we shall be told that India cannot and Great Britain will not undertake that terrible burden. On political, on financial, on administrative grounds as well as upon the strategical grounds on which I am not competent to speak (but with respect to which I know the opinions of some of the greatest soldiers in Her Majesty's forces), we oppose the policy, however disguised, which means the occupation and the annexation of the vast tracts of country now held by the tribes on the North-west. The frontier policy, which we believe to-day to be the wisest, and the safest, and the best, was accurately defined by the Duke of Devonshire, when, as Secretary of State for India, he said: "We do not intend to trust to a scientific frontier, we do not intend to look only to mountain passes and strongholds. We think that some attention should be paid to the fact that these mountain passes and strongholds are held by men, and are inhabited by men, of whom the strongest characteristic is their deep attachment to their independence. We will try to teach them once more that we ourselves respect that independence, and that in our own interest, and for the protection of our own frontier, we will assist them to maintain that independence against any comer, from whatever quarter he may come." These were the words of a wise and sagacious statesman, who once led the Liberal party. I venture to say that in those words may be summed up the opinion of the entire Liberal party at the present day. I have always done my utmost to keep Indian affairs outside the range of party controversy. I have felt it to be my duty (though at the cost of the most unscrupulous misrepresentation) to support in legislation and administration the Indian policy of the Government when I have considered it, on the whole, to be right. The question now before us is an Imperial question, which the supreme and final authority can alone decide. Holding as I do the strongest convictions with respect to the occupation of Chitral, the making of the military road, and the threatened occupation of the territories beyond the frontier, I am bound to oppose a policy which I believe to be fraught with danger to the safety and prosperity of our Indian Empire.

[We reprint this excellent report from the "Manchester Guardian."]

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REVIEWS.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S POEMS.

"Collected Poems." By Austin Dobson. With a Portrait. London: Kegan Paul. 1897.

IT would seem that Mr. Austin Dobson is entering into his glory. His reputation has been growing slowly and without intermission for nearly thirty years, and while a great many hares have run ahead, and doubled, and been lost, this tortoise—if we may be pardoned the image—has gone steadily and noiselessly forward. Mr. Austin Dobson's fame appears, indeed, to lack but one ingredient—an enemy. There is perhaps not another living man of letters, of anything approaching his eminence, who has contrived to evade so completely the envy of his less-fortunate fellows. All the cliques and all the generations combine to praise Mr. Dobson, and we are afraid that, at his canonization, no Devil's Advocate will put in an appearance. We are not sure that this is an unmixed advantage, but it indicates not only the genial and simple nature of the artist, but also the isolation of his work. He has a department all his own, where he clashes with no serious rival, and his successes in it wound no one's vanity.

If we recollect aright, it was about the year 1864 that Mr. Dobson's poems began to be observed in the monthly magazines; in 1875 his first book, "Vignettes in Rhyme," was issued. These dates indicate clearly the conditions in which his talent made its appearance. He was younger, but not by many years, than the youngest of the group whom it was the fashion to call Preraphaelite, and their methods are faintly to be observed in some of his early work. Among poems which he has still preserved there are a few—the two "Songs of Angiola," "The Dying of Tannequy du Bois," even the beautiful "Sick Man and the Birds"—which would hardly have been written as they are but for the influence of W. Morris' "Defence of Guenevere." Less salient, but to be discovered here and there, is an emulation of the efforts of a school later than this, namely, what has been called the Neo-Pagan. This may be faintly traced in such picture-poems as "The Death of Procris," and such lyrics as "To a Greek Girl." These, and an occasional echo of Tennyson, are, however, almost the only tributes which Mr. Austin Dobson has paid to the spirit of contemporary verse.

The early reviewers of Mr. Dobson were in the habit of greeting him by bowing obsequiously to the genius of Prior, bewailing a tendency to compete with the unapproachable skill of Præd, recording that the secret of mundane grace was held in the bosom of Locker, and then admitting the newcomer to secondary places where each of these stood foremost. It was only gradually perceived that Mr. Dobson is not a disciple of these masters, but a master himself in a quite distinct *genre*. He opens this final collection of his arranged poems with "A Dead Letter;" and he is wise, for, although this is far from being the most striking of his pieces, he has written nothing more characteristic. If the reader desires to see what it is in which Mr. Austin Dobson differs from the three artists who are commonly named with him, let "A Dead Letter" be examined. The subject of this poem would probably have been treated by Prior with more wit, by Præd with more sparkle and verbal parry, by Locker with a more urbane elegance, but by none with a sentiment so imaginative or with so happy a use of colour. Præd, who sometimes approaches Mr. Dobson nearest of the three, has an occasional vehemence, a fury of delicate improvisation, which the living writer never achieves. Præd is always a butterfly, but he resembles one of those species of powerful wing which almost dazzle us by their abrupt rapidity of flight. The real objection, however, to Præd is his want of depth; if we seize and analyse a specimen of his brilliant verse, we are surprised at the poverty of thought at the base of it. It is, in the literal sense, a *jeu d'esprit*; the poetical idea on which it is founded, or by which it is adorned, is usually slight indeed. Præd offers us velocity and technical skill, but little else; he is the Japanese juggler amongst our poets.

Mr. Austin Dobson, around whom the talent of Præd

might dance in sheet lightning, is less nimble and meteoric. He has little of the flutter and *frou-frou* of Præd's airy verse, but he has qualities that fully make up to him for the loss. If he could not have written "My own Araminta," it is equally certain that Præd could neither have conceived "The Idyl of the Camp" nor have executed "The Ballad of Beau Brocade." There is a slower movement but a fuller music in the younger poet, more observation of life, a less ephemeral touch. In the humanity and solidity of his wit, Mr. Austin Dobson seems to approach Prior much nearer than either Locker or Præd do. Certain of Prior's most picturesque pieces—especially his little-known but admirably original "Down-Hall"—have this coloured humanity, this sober warmth of tone; and to Prior must always be due the praise of having introduced into English literature a thing which, though often attempted, had scarcely before him been attempted with any success. In all this Mr. Dobson appears to be the direct descendant of Prior. If we turn once more to "A Dead Letter," we shall see how rich it is, how full of incidents and allusions, and yet how smooth, and enshrined in how delicate an atmosphere of piety and kindness. Such a stanza as—

"Piled with a dapper Dresden world,—
Beaux, beauties, prayers and poses,—
Bonzes with squat legs undercurled,
And great jars filled with roses,"

displays the artist's love of marshalling before us a series of pretty objects of a harmonious *genre*.

The epistle which is ensconced in "A Dead Letter," and by its abrupt change of metre is so happily emphasised, leads us to the consideration of another side of Mr. Austin Dobson's talent, his acquaintance with the eighteenth century. In this knowledge he is recognised as being unrivalled, but the degree to which it adds firmness to his poetical structure is less frequently observed. Such a ballad, however, as "Beau Brocade" is differentiated from an ordinary more or less skilful poem of the kind—even from ballads by Thackeray, for instance—by the author's astounding acquaintance with the details of eighteenth-century history. In every part of Mr. Dobson's spirited poem, nuggets of antiquarian lore are buried out of the sight of the common reader:—

"Saddling the gray mare, *Dumpling Star*;
Fetching the pistol out of the bar;
(The old horse-pistol that, they say,
Came from the battle of *Malplaquet*);
Loading with powder that maids would use,
Even in 'Forty,' to clear the flues;
And a couple of silver buttons, the Squire
Gave her, away in *Devonshire*;
These she wadded—for want of better—
With the B—SH—P of L—ND—N's 'Pastoral Letter.'"

So the gay verses chirrup along, and who amongst us stops to consider that each touch represents a piece of singular erudition? In times to come, when we have all entered into our rest, and Austin Dobson, become a classic, has fallen into the clutch of the schoolmaster, with what an infinitude of notes will the commentator burden the substance of his text!

With this richness of texture, this fulness of knowledge, Mr. Dobson combines an element of pure poetry in which he surpasses his three earlier rivals. If his humour is less boisterous than theirs, it is nearer to the confines of tears. "Good-Night, Babette," with its charming Angelus song; "The Curé's Progress," "The Noble Patron," "The Story of Rosina;" these and many other universal favourites have gained their hold on the affection of readers by their tenderness and humanity even more than by their wit. We come to laugh, to enjoy the exquisite ring of the rhymes and the brightness of the coloured pictures; we stay, arrested by a pathos old as the world, and of a perfect and sweet simplicity. Cheerfulness, fine manners, a set of graceful fashions, a mirth that is penetrating rather than noisy—these are the apparatus by means of which Mr. Austin Dobson woos us to listen to thoughts of love and death as serious as those which occupy the professional elegist. We enjoy it all without an effort, and yet are conscious of no unworthy levity,

"Finding something through the whole,
Beating—like a human soul."

It is needless, however, to recommend to the world to-day a poet whose welcome is universal. We have but to chronicle the nature of this new gift of his. Mr. Austin Dobson's poems, hitherto scattered in various publications, are here for the first time collected in a volume, the size and price of which are within the scope of all. Here will be found all, or almost all, of the successful numbers successively printed in "Vignettes in Rhyme," 1873; "Proverbs in Porcelain," 1877; "Old-World Idylls," 1883; and "At the Sign of the Lyre," 1885. Since the latter year, Mr. Austin Dobson's Muse has been rather unduly silent; the "Doric flute" is foregone, and the singing-robcs are but rarely brought out. The careful reader, instructed in Mr. Dobson's previously published works, will find in this volume some seven or eight pieces which he has not before seen in book-form. Among these, "Sat est Scripsisse" will certainly rank among his happiest efforts; it is a sad, and yet cheery, confession of the artist's inevitable sense of failure, consoled by the knowledge that he too has had his office, he has "handed on the fire." "The Collector to his Library" is a very graceful act of bibliolatry. "A Postscript to 'Retaliation'" (a character of Samuel Johnson) is a fragment of criticism in poetry worthy to be compared with the author's "Twickenham Dialogue." Two Prologues to "Eighteenth Century Studies" are familiar to readers of the second and third series of that work. And so we may gladly leave Mr. Austin Dobson to the ever-widening circle of those who love his simple, wholesome verse, so little concerned with problems and affectations, so refined in its delicate structural finish, and so secure (one fancies) from the vicissitudes of mere fashion in poetic taste.

PATRIOTIC BRITISH PIRATES.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"The Liverpool Privateers." With an account of the Liverpool Slave Trade. By Gomer Williams. London: Heinemann. 1897.

FOR aspiring Stevensons, Mr. Gomer Williams has produced a volume which should prove invaluable. It might almost be called the *vade mecum* of privateering and the slave trade. It deals especially with those two phases of England's maritime past as they affected Liverpool, but what happened on the Mersey happened also at the mouths of the Severn and the Thames. Mr. Williams has been at infinite pains to gather up all fragments likely to throw light on the part Liverpool took in sending forth captains armed with letters of marque on the one hand or charged with the collection and disposal of "prime" Guinea negroes on the other. His book extends to 700 pages, not one of which can honestly be called dull. Every other paragraph records some daring feat which at this season of the year, when books of adventure are in request, reminds one that nothing in the stories of a Henty or a Stevenson could be more remarkable than the facts of the so-called "heroic" period of English history. When Mr. Williams is not engaged in the description of doughty deeds and hair-breadth escapes, he gives one glimpses of the more esoteric side of the privateering and slave-trading business. The methods of manning and fitting out ships, the profits of expeditions, and the instructions given by owners to captains form a curious study. When a privateer left the Liverpool dock, the captain or owner usually gave a grand dinner on board. The vessel moved away to the strains of music, with colours flying. "The captain was always some brave, daring man who had fought his way to his position. The officers were selected for the same qualities; and the men—what a reckless, dreadnought, dare-devil collection of human beings, half-disciplined, but yet ready to obey every order, the more desperate the better! Your true privateersman was a sort of half horse, half alligator, with a streak of lightning in his composition—something like a man-o-war's man, but much more like a pirate—generally with a superabundance of whiskers, as if he held with Samson that his strength was in the quantity of his hair."

That the privateer crew in the main, from captain to cabin boy, should have been a band of heroes, qualified

no doubt by a strong element of the desperado, was natural. Otherwise they would have had nothing to do with this most risky of all forms of patriotic enterprise. Men like Captain Fortunatus Wright and Captain William Hutchinson—terrors of the high seas as they were—belonged to that class of being who knew not fear. Though they were far from being mere illiterate sons of Neptune, they knew more of the three L's—Lead, Latitude, and Lookout—than of the three R's. Ignorance of many things which are deemed essential in the education of the navigator to-day, rendered their voyages trebly hazardous. Fortunatus Wright's action in the Mediterranean is an excellent specimen of the conduct of these adventurers. His ship was fitted out by the merchants of Leghorn, and he made matters so hot for England's enemies in the Mediterranean that the King of France went the length of organizing a small expedition to dispose of him. On the renewal of hostilities between England and France in 1756, the Tuscan Government was of course bound to observe neutrality, but its sympathy was with France. Captain Wright was at Leghorn with a new privateer, the *St. George*. He was only permitted to leave with four small guns and twenty-five men. He sailed in company with some merchant vessels, who by arrangement carried both guns and men. These were promptly transferred to the *St. George*. For a month previously, outside Leghorn harbour, a French privateer had waited for Wright to sail, as was imagined, to immediate destruction. The French commander had the advantage in both arms and men; he was certain of success, and he attacked in the assurance that he would win the knighthood, the handsome pension, and the command of a ship of war promised by the King of France to him who should dispose of Wright. But the Frenchman was out-matched in skill as in daring, and instead of making a prisoner of Wright, only escaped capture himself through Wright's anxiety to stand by the merchantmen. Again, at Malta, Wright was attacked by "a great beast of a French privateer," and by his skilful handling of his craft drove the Frenchman to madness. He simply sailed round and round the monster which he could not hope to tackle successfully.

Privateering in the 17th century seems to have held the British race under a spell. More than one instance occurs in Mr. Williams' narrative of girls putting on boys' clothes and going to sea. The most interesting case was that of a girl who called herself Arthur Douglas. She joined the *Resolution* in 1757, and went through the duties of both the ordinary sailor and the marines. Her sex was discovered by one of her messmates. To prevent disclosures, says a report of the time, "she promised to permit him to keep her company when they arrived" at Liverpool; "but when they came into port she refused his addresses. The officers in general gave her a very modest character, and say by her behaviour that she must have had a genteel education." She would not satisfy any of them with her name or quality, only that she left home on account of a breach of promise with her lover. 'Tis remarkable that during their passage, on the appearance of a sail, she was eager to be fighting, and no ways affected with fear or sea-sickness. Another case of fascination was that of a Quaker, "brave Obadiah Bold," who assumed command of a Philadelphia privateer. "It must have been a rich treat," says Mr. Williams, "to see the gentle Obadiah in action, 'thee'-ing and 'thou'-ing his brave followers while directing their fire to the vitals of the enemy. . . . Placid amongst the crashing of the cannon balls and all the attendant horrors of a tough sea fight when the Bloody Flag is flying, he is the coolest yet most determined man on deck, and at his silvery voice, raised in command, men are hurled headlong into eternity."

Liverpool has ever been ready to send her sons to do battle in the cause of sovereign and country; and Mr. Williams is inclined to think that with her *Campanias* to-day she could, if need be, do as much in the future as she did in the past. Privateering and the slave trade combined gave her a start on the road to fortune. A century ago her profits from the slave trade were estimated to amount yearly to a third of a million

sterling. Although Mr. Williams has much to say that is of interest concerning Liverpool's association with this traffic, it is a chapter which the City would like to forget; the premiership which she assumed in the unholy business, when she embarked on competition with Bristol and other places, is not one to be proud of. Of the ethics of privateering Mr. Williams seems to be in some doubt, but as to the ethics of the slave trade there is no room for doubt whatever. "Although it is generally held," he says, "that a Corporation has neither a soul to be lost nor a corporeal presence sufficiently tangible and 'get-at-able' to receive castigation, one feels that it would have been morally to its advantage if the Corporation [of Liverpool] had had more to do with privateering and less with slave-trading." Privateering, as Mr. Williams says, was an essentially "picturesque and patriotic profession;" and it is only necessary to glance at the instructions issued by owners, to understand that it cannot be confounded for an instant with piracy. Captains are enjoined not to be led into illegal courses by "the Giddy Solicitations" of their crews. They are to respect neutral property, and to treat their prisoners with humanity and consideration. At the same time they are to show a "true British spirit" in the taking of "all prudent liberties" with whatsoever belongs to the enemy. In these days privateering in Europe has been abolished by international treaty. But the privateer operates under licence in time of war: it is difficult to see how any one can speak of him in the same breath with the pirate, who operates at all times and with no authority whatever. Of course the crew of the privateer always contained the essential ingredients of a first-rate pirate band, and Liverpool in the last century was little better than a haunt of buccaneers in embryo. But privateering is a gauge of the resolution with which a race, apart from Government, determines to resist aggression. As an institution it is to the sea what a volunteer force is to the land. In times past it has rendered Great Britain most admirable service.

A SERVANT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"The Journals of Walter White, Assistant Secretary of the Royal Society, with a Preface by his brother, William White." London: Chapman & Hall. 1898.

MR. WALTER WHITE died at the age of eighty-two, a few years ago, after having been forty years in the service of the Royal Society, first as assistant librarian, and then, after the resignation of Mr. Weld, Lord Tennyson's brother-in-law, as assistant secretary. He was an excellent servant, painstaking and careful to the last degree, and the officials and many of the Fellows seem to have treated him with the easy familiarity due to an excellent butler. As they arranged business, or drank tea before the meetings, or verified references in the library, they spoke freely about themselves and one another to the faithful retainer. The faithful retainer kept a diary, and it is this that his brother has now published with the slightest possible editing. Naturally, the little volume makes good reading. Mr. White came in contact with celebrities and notabilities innumerable and has something unpleasant or pleasant to say of most of them. The earlier part of the book deals with the diarist's own rise in life. He was a kind of Jude the Obscure, the son of a Methodist cabinet-maker at Reading, and was bred to the religion and trade of his father. He married at the age of nineteen, apparently in his own rank of life. He made cabinets, wrote poems, studied Latin, French and moral philosophy, begat a large family, diligently analysed his own aspirations, wandered from town to town, from England to America, from America to Scotland. He tried writing, lecturing and teaching, falling back on his handicraft from time to time, but through all continued to pursue self-education. At last, by the help of Edinburgh patrons, he obtained the Royal Society post, and began his long and useful career in its service.

In 1849, he saw "T. Babington Macaulay" at an evening meeting and wrote: "He has an intellectual forehead,

grey hair, wears a white neckcloth which gives him the appearance of an independent parson. He is square built, about five feet eight high, but with nothing particularly impressive about him. Rather quick and abrupt in speech, clear voice, words seems to come from him as pellets from a tube." Samuel Warren was at the meeting; he says "Lord Rosse is a muff, and that he (S. W.) is to be made a Q.C." In 1851, the Society was in inconvenient rooms at Somerset House, and the negotiations which ultimately led to their establishment at Burlington House were in progress. On 11 March the diarist writes: "Our President came to town. He will not see Lord Derby yet about a mansion house for the Royal Society, not only because the Premier is busy, but also because he cares nothing for science, and makes horse-racing his recreation." Through Mr. Weld he saw a good deal of Tennyson, and there are many interesting references to the late Laureate. When Tennyson visited the library of the Royal Society he used to hunger for his pipe; he was offered the austere alternatives of "smoking up the chimney in the back library, or going out on the roof." Mr. White also made the acquaintance of Carlyle, and paid several visits to the Chelsea house, returning with grave memoranda for his diary. The best thing about Carlyle, however, was told White by Sir Charles Lyell. At a dinner party at which both were present, Carlyle harangued the guests so long upon silence that no other had the opportunity of talking.

There are many good stories in the volume. Robert Brown, the microscopical botanist, told of Gray, of the British Museum, that he (Gray) was in an omnibus opposite a lady with a fat lap-dog in her lap. "Madam," said Gray, "you feed your dog too much." "Indeed, sir," was the reply, "then I only do for my dog what you do for yourself." An official at the State Paper Office found a letter addressed to the Grand Master of Rhodes, telling that "Antichrist had been born in Syria—that it has claws, talons, a fierce look, and diabolic expression, and was as lively and strong at the age of six weeks as an ordinary child of six months." When the Master of the Rolls (Romilly) read it, he exclaimed with a chuckle, "I'll send it to Shaftesbury." There is a quaint story told by Tennyson. On seeing the bust of Banks, he related that Sir Joseph was once dining with his father, and said, "Dr. Tennyson, I have tasted almost everything in my life, animal or vegetable, but there was only one thing that turned my stomach, and that was a boiled bug." Dr. Sharpey told him that when Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, came up for election at the Athenæum, some one objected that he was an albino. "I suppose," said Sharpey, "he needs black-balling."

We have given a few samples of the amusing things in the volume. Unfortunately it would be easy to give many instances of little bits of malicious gossip, told usually with the full names of the persons involved, or, occasionally, with the most transparent initials. No doubt some of the gossip is true. Even among distinguished Fellows of the Royal Society, as in any other set of persons, there have been many instances of petty meanness, of avariciousness, and of vulgar scheming. But at least many of the little scandals told are plainly false; and neither the true nor the false was worth the telling. We do not know if Mr. White himself intended his jottings to be published, but in any case a wise editing would have removed a good many blemishes. Moreover, such treatment would have prevented a number of slips in names and facts which, though unimportant in themselves, are not a little irritating.

FEN AND FORESHORE.

"Nights with an Old Gunner." By C. J. Cornish. London: Seeley. 1897.

THERE is a peculiar charm about the low-lying country scenes that Mr. Cornish has here made his own. With the single exception of a ramble over the red cliffs of Salcombe, our author seeks his subjects in the mere and carse-land and down by the low foreshore where the terns and redshanks rear their young. We cannot say in what the attractiveness of the book chiefly lies. The style is uneven beyond that of most works on sport and natural history, and descends in places to a carelessness that Mr. Cornish has never

affected before. The zoology is everywhere so loose that there must be other merits of no poor order to induce the lover of nature to pass the errors by with a lenient shrug and follow the author to the colophon. What, for instance, can be said of such an outrage as this: "The fish which remain true to the sandbank, whether wet or dry, are the sand-sprats, the cockles, the razor-fish, and the big worms;" and this is followed by an exception in favour of the worms, "which, though not a 'fish,' are the basis of many fisheries in the form of bait." Mr. Cornish was right in his efforts to avoid the charge of pedantry in his slight sketches of the science in which he dabbles so freely and with nothing of self-restraint. But there was surely a middle course. Without necessarily adhering to the latest classification of Cromwell Road or the newest fads of the B.O.U. in the direction of bird-precedence, he might easily have avoided the blemishes which cause the reader to stare at so many passages again lest he should not have read aright. Had Mr. Cornish availed himself of the services of some friend capable of revising the proofs, the book might have been made valuable as well as merely attractive.

Without being a philistine, however, or bound by even the most lenient conventionalities, Mr. Cornish is, as his former works had already taught us to regard him, a true naturalist. His observation is keen, he knows the value of cultivating the acquaintance of the marshman and beach-comber, and how to edit their information for the benefit of his readers. The title of the book does scant justice to the wide scope of its contents. The practice, so prevalent nowadays, of naming a book of reprints after the first, or longest, is, we think better applicable to fiction than to this sort of literature; and it is certain that, his inconspicuous sub-title notwithstanding, the author might easily have selected any from half a dozen names that would better have described the contents. It is true that the old gunner is a most estimable character, and the opening chapters, in which we are made familiar with his lore, are on the whole perhaps the best in the book. Wildfowling in any form, with shoulder or stanchion gun, punting or flighting (the sport of which Sir R. Payne-Gallwey, Mr. Abel Chapman, and Mr. Sharp have, among recent exponents, told us the charms) is at all times and under all conditions among the most picturesque of our sports. It offers unequalled material for just such a sheaf of light, untechnical sketches as Mr. Cornish has placed before us. But there are other exceeding good things in this collection. There are the rambles after prawns and lobsters on the rocky shores of the Isle of Wight, before quitting which we are introduced to the famous "Parsons," otherwise the cormorants that nest among its ledges and seek their food in neighbouring waters. There is a charming account of the Beaulieu river with its wealth of bird and fish life. There is tench-fishing, and there is partridge-shooting, with a most interesting comparison of park-bred and wild partridges. The concluding chapters deal with a subject on which Mr. Cornish has recently addressed the public elsewhere, a subject that stirs the enthusiasm of many besides himself. Side by side with the advocates of the protection of our native fauna—of the carnivorous and harmful polecat, marten and wild cat, as well as the beautiful and harmless bustard and bittern—there has arisen another school loud in the claims of the British Islands as a sanctuary for many beautiful and attractive beasts which are becoming extinct in countries where the rights of property are so elementary as not to lend themselves to such schemes of protection. The two schemes, though often confused by careless writers in the press, are distinct. The idea of wild-beast paradises is no new one, for we are told that the great Duke of Bourbon, when dismissed by Louis XV., consoled himself in retirement at his wild-beast park near Chantilly. There are those in England who seriously contemplate acclimatising various species of deer from eastern Asia and westernmost America, moufflon from Sardinia, kangaroos and wallabies from the Antipodes. We hesitate to pronounce as yet upon so considerable an undertaking. The scheme has doubtless much that is good in it, and if all its advocates were as eloquent as Mr. Cornish it would not be long before taking more

definite shape. At the same time, it seems to us at the moment that the effect of a mob of kangaroos would lose half its force without the background of rock boulders or yellow sand or the canopy of nude gum boughs, and we cannot help thinking that national support may with a greater show of reason be enlisted in the restoration of beasts and birds—the beaver, the ruff, and the bittern—that once were Britons. Man has driven them forth; let man, in a more enlightened generation, recall them. It remains only to be said that the illustrations to the book are, if not uniformly excellent, at any rate a very agreeable addition to the text.

A KAILYARD CALENDAR.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"The Ian Maclaren Calendar. 1898." London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1897.

"Originality in literature is called discovery in science," runs one of the profound aphorisms of the Kailyard School, but more accurately put with regard to this school it should run: "A discovery in self-advertising is called originality in literature." Hitherto our calendars have reminded us from day to day of the genius of Shakespeare, or have exhorted us to piety by quotations from Holy Scripture. But Mr. Ian Maclaren has improved upon this old-fashioned custom. If men can live with Shakespeare or with the Bible from day to day, why not also with Ian Maclaren and the outpourings of his great genius? No sooner thought than done, and here is a calendar which we may hang at the head of our beds, and as we wake to the toil and travail of each new day we can brace ourselves for the fight of life by an extract from one or other of Mr. Ian Maclaren's books. The weary pilgrim will start up refreshed from his couch, eager to go forth and fight the giants of Poverty and Despair when he reads on 14 January that "oor worst job'll be crossin' the Tochtly." On the 17th he will start a new life admonished, "We mauna gang a saxpence intae debt." Better than a cold bath on the 28th will be the simple statement that "the snow had drifted down the wide chimney." In February we are comforted by the assurance that "in winter I see the sun shining on the white sides of Glen Urtach." In April we are asked to solve the abstruse problem, "Was a beadle ever a baby?" In June we are informed that "there's a rose-bush yonder still." "I'll read it till I die" is the phrase for the last day of July, and refers, no doubt, to the Calendar and the desperate determination necessary to persevere with the reading of it. In September we are cheered by the statement that "a thrush was singing," and so on from New Year's Day to New Year's Eve. Of all the three hundred and sixty-five texts which adorn this calendar, there is not one which is worth the trouble of reading, either for its contents or its form. Mostly they are bald statements of absolutely uninteresting facts, with no sense when wrested from their context, and little enough when taken with it. Mr. Maclaren may think the Calendar a brilliant advertisement of his books. In reality, it is a blazing exposure of the commonplaceness of his mind and of the stupidity of those who can admire his works.

MR. HICHENS'S LATEST STORIES.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"Byeways." By Robert Hichens. London: Methuen. 1898.

CLEVER as the books of Mr. Hichens usually are, they are never satisfactory reading, nor is the reason far to seek. The striving to be clever is always too painfully evident, and cleverness is only acceptable when it is spontaneous and effortless. What we admire in the finished acrobat is the perfect ease with which he performs his most difficult feats. But in the twists and turns of Mr. Hichens's sentences and ideas there is no ease. You can see him in your mind's eye at work, manufacturing clever things by dint of hard labour, and the worst of it is that he is never quite successful. He never quite arrives at the point he is aiming at, and is most successful only when he is most reminiscent of certain clever people he knows or

has known. In the first story of this collection of short stories, for instance, he strives in vain to give us a new version of the serpent-woman fable, brought up to date. But he fails utterly to convince us that the three snakes the charmer in the Sahara carries on his person are three women transformed. Through many pages of the seventy-seven which the story occupies he attempts to explain to us the serpentine nature of Claire DuVigne, the great actress, but he never succeeds in striking quite the right note or quite the right phrase. She remains a woman to the end, and we utterly refuse to believe that she is turned into a snake. There is no need to compare her even with the Lamia of Keats; the simply-told mediæval fable of Melusine is infinitely more convincing. "A Tribute of Souls," written in conjunction with Lord Frederic Hamilton, is merely another re-hash of an old legend, the story of "Faust" put into modern guise and turned into a rather ordinary ghost story. "The Face of the Monk" and "A Silent Guardian" are also excursions into the supernatural, but they are less ambitious, and for that very reason more successful than the other two, though not much more original. The remaining stories belong to the comedy of Society, and here Mr. Hichens is at his best, for he has a shrewd glance that sees and a memory that treasures up the foibles of his fellow-men. The best of them all is "The Boudoir Boy," a sketch in which his friends will at once recognise a well-known decadent youth, and it is the cleverest because Mr. Hichens has here caught and set down the tricks of expression and the pose of his model with the same success as that which he achieved in an earlier book. But this fidelity of reminiscence is scarcely the quality which makes a novelist; it rather suggests a clever interviewer who lives on terms of intimacy with his subject.

HARBUTT'S PLASTIC METHOD.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"The Use of Plasticine in the Arts of Writing, Drawing, and Modelling in Educational Work." By Wm. Harbutt. With 56 Illustrations. London: Chapman. 1897.

MR. HARBUTT, having invented a substitute for modelling-clay, claims for it that it is not only an efficient medium for the artist, but that even should it fail to satisfy the latter, it will certainly greatly help in teaching children to see and express facts readily. He even hints that a complete revolution may be expected in the methods by which drawing and writing are taught. He gives a copious list of uses to which it may be, and is even already actually, put. Plasterers and bootmakers use it to guide them in their work. In botany and geography its use would add a charm to work that is generally unattractive to the young students. All relief carvers, he thinks, should try sketches of their work in Plasticine before hazarding the design in less plastic materials. Decorators, too, would find a tentative scheme, set up in distant or high positions, reveal weaknesses and errors in scale, light and shade, or composition, that might save much chagrin and labour. Engineers and prospectors could model on the spot such data as would surpass in vividness descriptive writing. Hill-climbers could have mountain routes and views rendered more intelligibly than in a map. Fortification, surveying, and military engineering could be better taught by using Plasticine instead of sand.

Mr. Harbutt gives illustrations of certain simple frames which are used for some of the above-mentioned purposes. So far the invention seems certain of popularity, but when Mr. Harbutt asserts its superiority in every respect to clay, we must disagree. Its use for bringing together miniature figures under one light, as was Tintoretto's practice in order to gain unity of composition in his great canvases, is much more likely to become widely adopted by our modern Robustis—especially by those whose schemed pictures appear in the illustrated Press. So far as we have tried Plasticine its good qualities appear to be elasticity and cohesiveness. A defect, which it shares with its dirtier rival clay, is a tendency to stick to the fingers when much toiled with. This may disappear under certain treatment that Mr. Harbutt describes.

Altogether, the new substance will displace the use

of wax for mere sketches in relief. It will most likely greatly improve the "spirit" of drapery arrangements, and may also revive the vigorous and yet elegant sentiment in mere composition that seems to have disappeared in the latter-day enthusiasms of the ugly, the odd, the queer. We believe designers for stained glass and for decorative figures have found the new substance very helpful in fixing the folds of drapery designed in relief with starched muslin and Plasticine combined. Starched muslin over the lay figure or the living figure inevitably alters by the weight of its own folds, or the motion of the living model, or even by the movement of the air. The adhesive and permanently elastic nature of Mr. Harbutt's invention secures permanence to those happy accidents that are so often no sooner arranged than they are destroyed by the unfeeling law of gravity.

FICTION.

"The Adventure of the Broad Arrow." By Morley Roberts. London: Hutchinson. 1897.

The great drawback of an adventure story is that it is apt to have no story whatever. The conditions do not permit of it. Adventurous heroes have their hands too full to trouble about a plot or to muddle themselves up with other people in an interesting way. If ill luck puts a heroine in their path, they apologetically make the least of her; and by the time they finally settle down peacefully to begin living, the author, naturally enough, is quite sick of their ways, and dismisses them with half a page. It must be very annoying to be deserted just at the moment when you might become interesting; but the adventurous have only themselves to blame for the disappointment. Still, both parties have our sympathy, and we can even—such is our generosity—spare a little for the reader. By the side of Mr. Roberts's Australian romance, the slightest sketch in the "Yellow Book" trembles with plot. His two heroes ride through the desert for 20 pages, or it may be 40—it might be 200; they journey up a watercourse with little reason and down it with less, they are starved and thirsty. We are not so unkind as to wish them to die, but we cannot for the life of us make out why they don't. About half way through the book they condescend to strike a tribe of white savages, descendants of escaped convicts; but hardly have they begun to get entangled with them when they make off—with, however, a woman. Of their own free will the adventurers would hardly have saddled themselves with such a burden; but no doubt Mr. Roberts insisted on it. They give in with rather a bad grace; they even try to lose her in a hideous desert, which forms itself into funnels and slips through to a subterranean river. However, they get along somehow until they meet the steamer which is to whip them back to life again. We don't blame Mr. Roberts for his conduct, at the same time we cannot believe that steamer arrived just then. The adventurers were good for another couple of hundred pages. But we expect that Mr. Roberts, now thoroughly exasperated, sent in his ultimatum. "If that steamer doesn't turn up within three pages, I'll go back and starve you in the second chapter!" Under the circumstances there was nothing for it but to give in; but the poor fellows did not realise that they had to deal with no guileless novice, and that their submission would be the end of them. With practised cunning, Mr. Roberts threatens them into accepting the steamer, and once on board turns his back on them. In vain are their pleadings. "But I," one of them cries, "I am an aristocrat, I am going back to England to find the woman I always loved, just think how exciting!" Mr. Roberts shakes a relentless head. "Don't you listen to him, mister," the other clamours; "that story of his is a chestnut, but I am bringing a savage white woman into civilisation as my wife! Now, that's a novelty; you can't resist that?" "Well, I'll give the pair of you two pages and seven lines, but not a word more, as my name is Morley Roberts." And he doesn't.

"Furrows." By Cosmo Hamilton. London: Digby, Long. 1897.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's volume is the slenderest

we have seen for some time. His page (which has fairly large margins) is just as wide as this line of print, and is taller by an inch or so than half the length of this page. This piece of mathematics is not much to the point, perhaps, and yet there is a certain perverse fitness in the fact that sentiment, elephantine, with a touch of the Marble Arch in it, rolls clumsily round in these close quarters. But the pages might be as expansive as a shop window, and still the stories would remain a bore. These hard-drinking, fast-living officers, who weep, in club smoking-rooms, to their even more reckless and cynical companions, over some "straight" and "pure-minded" girl, are, we confess, frauds. "We were only thick pals, and she was very straight—and...and—and...she didn't know what a beast I was—and—all that, you know—and—and...I did love her so...so awfully much...—!" "Steady, dear old boy—it's doocid rough, old chap—pull yourself together—had 'em myself once, young 'un," &c.—this is sentimental rubbish. We do not say that these reckless gentlemen, who are awfully honourable, would not behave exactly as Mr. Hamilton represents. The English short story is so full of them, especially since South Africa has been opened to fiction, that it is to be supposed they do behave so. Truth to fact is always a difficult point to decide, and, when it is decided, it is no use to anybody. But we do say that the sort of contrast which Mr. Hamilton would make effective is false; the sentiment he puts forward does not contain the reality. The reality is much harder and more cruel, and much, very much, less coarse and obvious. Mr. Hamilton has wanted to skim off the cream and present it to his readers, a weakness often characteristic of those who do not know what cream is like, except that it is something thick and rich. If he had spun out one of his themes at length, if he had done the before and after, the man's life and surroundings, the girl, and how both man and girl face the problem, and what they do with it in the end, he would have seen that his notion of presenting the cream was singularly mistaken. There is one minute story, which opens with the usual clubman's confession, "What a beast I am...and—and...Audrey—I'm off!" His companion orders brandy with a queer shame upon his face. Then there is slow music, or rather four asterisks, a hospital in South Africa, and a nurse leaning over Captain Hobday, who has been wounded in the Matabele war. The nurse's voice is like Audrey's, so they each talk about their hearts until the patient tears off his bandages—and the nurse's name was Audrey. Why Mr. Hamilton should have fancied that he could imprison the drama of two lives in ten minute pages heaven only knows. He had not even the excuse of imagining that his theme was a novelty. Nowhere does Mr. Hamilton touch the reality, and yet he is very sentimental, and he also aspires to be extremely realistic. It is an unpleasant combination.

"The Lady's Walk" (Methuen), by Mrs. Oliphant, is bound up with "The Ship's Doctor." Both are short stories; neither is a good specimen of Mrs. Oliphant's work. It is, perhaps, a pity that the book should appear at this particular time, when everything from her pen is receiving the special interest aroused by all last words.

"The Devil's Shilling" (H. J. Drane), by Campbell Rae Browne, is the story of a coin which had no lurid properties of its own, but was singularly unfortunate in its possessors. It tells, fairly graphically, in the first person, its adventures in the pockets of murderers and villains of all types. There are some appropriately vigorous illustrations.

"A Fair Deceiver" (Harper & Brothers), by George Paston, has the eternal theme of the fair and frivolous sister, who steals all hearts, to the detriment of the sweet and serious one. In this case, the "deceiver" is decidedly charming. It is a pity she has to be killed by a train in order to let the deserving Magda have the reversion of her lover.

Mr. Edward Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian, has had the ingenious idea of making a quaint neighbourhood contribute its own folk-lore to English literature. In "Golspie" (David Nutt) he collects the work of seven little school-children, whom he has invited to write all

that they remember of the local legends, games, and customs. There is no doubt that much could be preserved in that way, which would otherwise perish, or become modified out of all recognition. Whether such chronicles amount to much may be open to question. On Mr. Nicholson's own showing, the games and songs repeat themselves all over the country with but slight differences. However, they make picturesque and suggestive reading. The book is prettily got up and illustrated.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE general impression seems to be that there will be no serious opposition to a combined crusade against the threepenny discount. The majority of the large "cutting" booksellers will hail with pleasure the extinction of the system, but fear to take an initiative that might not be unanimous. Indeed, when one sees the greater part of such firms' windows filled with cheap reprints of standard authors, it is difficult to understand why the question has been so stoutly contested. Surely that rare genus, the book-buyer, will not be deterred by having to pay another penny in the shilling for copy-right works.

On the other hand, it has been pointed out that any oppressive action will be an instance of the most tyrannical trades-unionism; that the same condition applies to every form of commerce, wherein the big, wholesale dealer must necessarily be able to trade on smaller profits than the little man—in fact, that it would be as fair to boycott Mr. Lipton in favour of the ordinary grocer, or Messrs. Salmon & Gluckstein for the sake of the local tobacconist.

The examples, however, are hardly parallel. Tea and tobacco are necessities of the million, and the demand is only increased by such innovations. But books are a luxury, and the market has to be fostered by every possible publicity, and if the trade be languishing through indifference and inactivity, those mainly interested, publishers and authors, are justified in any course that may stimulate a revival.

Mr. Grant Richards, for so young a publisher, has certainly shown a good deal of enterprise. Among his forthcoming productions there is to be an "approved" "Life of the Prince of Wales." The difficult task has been given to an eminent man of letters, whose name has not yet been divulged, but rumour points to the editor of the latest literary contemporary.

Captain A. T. Mahan's last contribution to naval literature will be published early next month by Messrs. Sampson Low. "The Interest of the United States in Sea Power, Present and Future," embraces such questions as an Anglo-American alliance, strategic features of the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea, the preparedness for naval war, and the future in relation to American naval power.

Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte" comes to an end with the fourth volume, which Messrs. Macmillan are issuing. A work of agricultural importance is also among this firm's forthcoming productions. "Pastures and Pasture Plants" is from the pen of such an authority as Mr. William Toogood, and treats of such subjects as cultural preparations, pasture grasses, leguminous and other pasture plants, buying, testing, and sowing of pasture seeds, care of new and established pastures.

A new volume of short stories by George Egerton, of "Keynote" fame, is to be published by Mr. John Lane immediately. The general title is "Fantasias."

The international attraction which the southern portion of the Dark Continent possesses is again instanced in the translation into French and German of Mr. F. R. Statham's "South Africa as It Is," almost simultaneously with Mr. Fisher Unwin's English edition.

December 6th and the five following days are fixed for the sale of the second portion of the late Lord Ashburnham's unique collection of books. The 1200 lots which Messrs. Sotheby will dispose of lose little

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in comparison with their famous predecessors. The more remarkable items include some specimens of Caxton's Press, such as Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, Higden's *Polichronicon*, Lefevre's *Histories of Troye*, French and English versions, and the *Mirror of the Worlde*. Then there is a fine series of Books of Hours, Missals of Churches and Orders, Sarum Manuals, specimens of Wynkyn de Worde's Press, some rare edition's of Petrarch, and a large section of scarce foreign works.

Mr. John Murray has chosen an opportune season for the publication of "*Siam and the Siamese*," as noted by Mr. Warrington Smyth during an experience of five years. The book is illustrated with sketches by the author.

(For This Week's Books see page 600.)

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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DECEMBER.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By Baron Pierre de Coubertin.
SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. By William Archer.
THE INFLUENCE OF HENRY GEORGE IN ENGLAND. By J. A. Hobson.
LORD ROSEBERY'S APOSTASY.
ANNALS OF A PUBLISHING HOUSE. By C. Stein.
"LA RÉVOLTE." By Villiers de l'Isle Adam. [Williams.
THE CRISIS IN SPAIN. By Marquis de Ruigny, Cranston Metcalfe, and Leonard
DANTE AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.—II. By Rev. E. Moore, D.D.
MOUNT SULLY. By Yetta Blaze de Bury.
ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN WEST AFRICA. (With Map.) By Rev. W. Greswell.
THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT OF WOMEN. By Janet E. Hogarth.
POETRY OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By Nowell Smith.
PARLIAMENTARY DIFFICULTIES IN AUSTRIA. By Germanicus.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE

(EDITED BY OSWALD CRAWFURD)

FOR DECEMBER

CONTAINS
ARTICLES ON THE BOOKSELLING QUESTION, by F. FRANKFORT MOORE,
"A PUBLISHER," and F. H. EVANS; and
SEVEN COMPLETE STORIES
By EDWIN PUGH, BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL, K. CHIPPENDALE, A. BLAIR
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The Barton-upon-Humber Water Order, 1897, received Parliamentary sanction on the 6th day of August, 1897, and under that Order powers have been obtained to complete the Waterworks for the District.

The population of Barton, according to the census of 1891, was 5201, and the area of the district 6325 acres; the rateable value, which is yearly increasing, is 20,000/. There are many important trades in Barton-upon-Humber, the chief, however, are the new cycle works, malting, brick and tile, cement making, chemical manures, rope, &c.; there are also several mills and a brewery.

Barton is situated on the south border of the Humber, six miles south-west from Hull, and twenty miles north-west from Grimsby, and has the advantage of a river frontage. It is in the North Lindsey Division of the County, and is a Petty Sessional Division and County Court District. A branch of the Great Central Railway runs from New Holland Station to Barton, and has a direct communication by that Company's steam boats to Hull. The town is almost entirely supplied by surface wells. The dangerous character of this mode of supply, from a sanitary point of view, is generally recognised. A first-class water supply is only now necessary to further increase the trades and prosperity of the town.

Next in importance to the town of Barton is that of New Holland, situated in the Parish of Barrow-on-Humber. It is the terminus of the Great Central Railways formerly known as the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. The loco motive and engine works, also the shipping yards of the railway company are situated here. The water in the district being excessively hard, is unsuitable for locomotive and other trade purposes, but the water to be supplied by the Company will be specially treated by a process of softening, and will, therefore, be the best soft water procurable.

The pumping station and works, except those necessary for the softening process now being proceeded with, are completed and ready for supplying the town with water. It is estimated that most of the mains, which are being laid, will be completed by next spring, when the works will be officially opened, and the pure and soft water supply so much needed by the inhabitants will be available for their use.

The site of the waterworks is on elevated land (freehold) about three-quarters of a mile from the town, and includes the Pumping Station, a Filter House for the softening and filtering plant. Boiler House with 10-h.p. engine, double-throw pumps, capable of lifting 10,000 gallons per hour to the service reservoir.

The supply of water is obtained from a well 117 ft. deep, sunk in the chalk formation, and supplemented by a 12-in. bore-hole in the bottom of the well; the quantity of water thus obtained shows evidence of being fully ample for all requirements. A covered service reservoir containing approximately 200,000 gallons has already been constructed at a sufficiently high elevation to supply the whole of the district, including New Holland, by gravitation.

The water has been analysed by Mr. Otto Hehner, Public Analyst for Nottinghamshire, West Sussex, &c., who reported on the 8th September as follows—

"These two samples are identical in composition; organically they are very pure, and there is no indication of any kind of pollution.

"The hardness is considerable, but as almost three-fourths of the hardness are due to the presence of calcium carbonate (chalk) in solution, there should be no difficulty in softening the supply by the usual means, namely, the addition, carefully regulated, of lime water. After softening, the water would in every way be of admirable quality."

(Signed) OTTO HEHNER, Public Analyst.

Having regard to the superior quality for both domestic and trade purposes of the Company's supply obtained by the Company's softening process, it is believed that the demand for water in Barton-upon-Humber and other places will be very considerable. The capital being a moderate one the Directors fully anticipate that when the works are fully developed, after payment of the Preference interest, the maximum dividend of 10 per cent. will be paid on the Ordinary Shares. It is estimated that the annual expenses will be small, the works being of so simple a character.

The value of similar waterworks investments is illustrated by the present value of the 10s. Ordinary Shares in the Great Grimsby Waterworks Company, which are quoted at 21s., or equal to a premium of 110s. per cent.

Tenders on the Form accompanying the Prospectus, with the required deposit, may be delivered at the Company's Bankers, the York City and County Banking Company (Limited), Head Office, York; Barton-upon-Humber, or other branches, or their London Agents, Lloyd's Banking Company (Limited), 72 Lombard Street, London, before 12 o'clock on Friday, the 3rd day of December, 1897, marked "Tender for Barton-upon-Humber Shares." Tenders at a price including fractions of a shilling other than sixpence, will not be preferentially accepted.

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and in case of a partial allotment the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the subsequent instalments. If default be made in payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposit and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture. A contract has been entered into dated 24th July, 1897, and made between Mr. E. O. Preston, the vendor to the Company (who is selling at a profit), of the one part, and the Company of the other part, which may be inspected at the registered office of the Company. Resolutions have been passed by the Directors relating to the appointment of a managing director, secretary, and engineer, which may technically be contracts within Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867. Tenderers for shares shall accept the above as notice thereof, and waive all right to any particulars thereof, whether under the said section or otherwise.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained at the York City and County Banking Company, Limited, Head Office, York; Barton-upon-Humber, or other branches, or from their London Agents, Lloyd's Banking Company, Limited, Lombard Street, E.C.

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27th November, 1897.

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THE INCANDESCENT AMALGAMATION.

AN extraordinary general meeting of the ENGLISH INCANDESCENT GAS SHARE COMPANY, Limited, was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, for the purpose of considering a scheme under which the five incandescent gas light companies will be amalgamated. Major-General de la Pote Beresford (the chairman of the company) presided.

The Secretary (Mr. L. de Fonblanque) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman in the course of a long speech informed the shareholders that step by step the policy of the English Incandescent Gas Share Company has been to bring about the ultimate amalgamation of the English and foreign companies interested in the Welsbach incandescent gas light scheme. In the first place, the Austrian Incandescent Share Company, Limited, was formed, by which the control of a large number of shares in the Vienna Company was secured. As a logical sequence the Second Austrian Share Company, Limited, was formed, with the idea of securing the control of the remaining shares. This was not absolutely accomplished, as instead of securing the balance of 700 out of 1,500 shares, it only succeeded in securing 457 shares; hence there were 243 shares in the Vienna Company still remaining in the hands of various original Continental holders. The Chairman pointed out that the reason for securing the control of the Vienna Company was that the Vienna Company is the manufacturer of the fluid out of which the mantles are made, and that the fluid is the life of all the Welsbach incandescent undertakings. It could, he said, be made in England, but grave doubts were held as to whether the company could arrive at making fluid of equal quality and in sufficient quantities without very heavy expenditure on plant, buildings, and also without the experience which could only be gained by time. After giving some details concerning the Vienna fluid factory, the Chairman stated that those who are shareholders in the Austrian Incandescent Share Company would fully appreciate the fact that very large profits are derived from the manufacture of fluid. The shareholders in the English Gas Share Company, Limited, doubtless fully appreciate the importance of the profits derived at present, and to be derived in the future, from the sale of mantles; but the must bear in mind that the profit on the mantles is dependent to a great extent on the price at which the fluid, which is the most important constituent in the mantle, can be obtained.

After some further explanatory remarks with reference to the amalgamation of the Austrian and English companies the Chairman stated that he would call upon Mr. Francis, the solicitor of the company, to explain and read to the shareholders the agreements which deal with their share in this amalgamation; and he said he should also call for any criticisms which any shareholder might have to make. That all the shareholders should understand and appreciate the step which the company now advised in the interests of the shareholders he was particularly desirous, as after to-day, if the scheme was to be carried out and approved by all the various corporations mentioned, the company would practically agree to the amalgamation. Dealing with the various criticisms that had been offered, the Chairman said that the company had been asked why there should be deferred shares. The reply to this was: the deferred shares represent the future of the company to a great extent. The directors felt that the existing shareholders should have the full benefit of the increase in the profits of the business which they were confident will accrue from the combination, and the larger business which is being done by the company, and they consider that by allotting the deferred shares largely to the shareholders of the present companies they are securing to them the interests in these increased profits. After some further reference to deferred shares, the Chairman told the shareholders present that he was informed by the manager that he confidently expects a large increase in the trading profits over those of last year as the result of the amalgamation and the development of the business which must result therefrom.

In reply to the question asking why could not the amalgamation be effected without a middleman, he pointed out that if the directors of the various companies concerned could have been absolutely certain that every shareholder would have consented to take a certain number of shares in the new company in exchange for those he holds in the existing companies, and if, moreover, every shareholder would have consented to have paid his proportion of the additional capital required—namely, 100,000/. working capital and 200,000/. for commutation of rights under contract, vested interests, &c., and the large sum required for registration expenses, &c., of amalgamation, and liquidation of the five companies concerned, then if they could have been absolutely certain that there would be no dissensions it might possibly have been done; but a serious objection would have arisen as to whether by such an arrangement the new company would have got a quotation on the Stock Exchange.

After some further remarks as to the business of forming the amalgamation, the Chairman told the shareholders that every shareholder who had desired to do so has had the opportunity of conferring with the board or the directors individually, or with the secretary. That the Chairman said it was evident by the large number of proxies which were on the table at the meeting, the scheme as a whole has met with the unqualified approval of the vast majority of the shareholders. The resolution, which was as follows, was then moved: "That it is desirable to amalgamate the undertakings of the Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited; the Austrian Incandescent Share Company, Limited, now in course of reconstruction; the Second Austrian Incandescent Share Company, Limited; and the Irish Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, and accordingly that the two agreements submitted to this meeting, and as to the one made between the Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, of the one part, and the Reconstruction Guarantee Company, Limited, of the other part, and as to the other made between the Reconstruction Guarantee Company, Limited, of the first part, this company of the second part, and the Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, of the third part, be, and the same are hereby approved, and that the directors be, and they are hereby, authorised to vote on the company's behalf at the meetings of the Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, in favour of sanctioning the said first-mentioned agreement with or without modifications, and to carry the said secondly mentioned agreement into effect with or without modifications." In conclusion, to show my own confidence in the future of the business, I may tell you that out of 17,000/. coming to me in cash, I am reinvesting 16,000/. in the new company.

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RICHARD C. FRESIDDER, Secretary.

KLONDYKE AND COLUMBIAN GOLDFIELDS, LIMITED.

Report of Statutory Meeting. An Interim Dividend declared.

THE first ordinary (statutory) meeting of the shareholders in the Klondyke and Columbian Goldfields, Limited, was held this week at the Westminster Palace Hotel, Victoria Street, under the presidency of the Chairman.

The Secretary (Mr. Charles Flack) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, I am afraid that the notice of this meeting which has been sent out, and which states that a full report of the meeting will be sent to each shareholder, has had the effect of lessening the attendance here to-day, for which I am very sorry. The statutory meeting which we are holding to-day, although purely formal, has one very great advantage, inasmuch as it serves to introduce the shareholders to the Directors. We have a very large list of shareholders—in fact, upwards of six hundred—and I am sorry that there are not more present to meet us to-day. I lay stress on this, because to-morrow in the papers will appear a full report of the meeting, and I want you to remember how essential it is to your interest as shareholders that the fullest publication should be given to what I am about to say. This Company has not yet been in existence four months, yet we think we can claim to have made as much progress, if we have not accomplished more, in this short time than most other Klondyke and British Columbian companies. Some of our critics may ask why. Well, we know of no company now in existence and operating in the same field as our own which has such an influential advisory Board as we have. The opportunities and profitable means of investment for your Company which are not taken advantage of by this advisory Board—a Board, I may say, which includes the Hon. J. W. Turner, Prime Minister of British Columbia; the Hon. C. E. Pooley, Q.C., President of the Council; and Mr. Joseph Boscowitz, who, you may or may not be aware, is a very influential trader in Victoria, and is known throughout the whole of the provinces—may be taken as not worth troubling about. Much of our present success is due to them, and much of our future success will undoubtedly be owing to their valuable co-operation. It is very natural that the less fortunately placed British Columbian companies should be jealous of us, the more especially as we are almost the youngest in the field; and perhaps to this fact is due the little criticism which sometimes appears in the smaller fry of the Press concerning us and our offspring. This has especially been the case in one of the latest issues in which we are very much financially interested, and which has the advantage of the same influential advisory Board as our own Company. I allude to the Dawson City (Klondyke) and Dominion Trading Corporation. Many of you, I am glad to say, are shareholders in that corporation, and I may tell you that the Board on the other side attach great importance to this trading company, with which our Company will act in cordial co-operation, with mutual benefit and profit to each.

To return more particularly to our operations during the last three months, you will remember that we bought and floated an important mining property called the New Golden Twins. On this property, I am informed by the Chairman of the Company, energetic work has been and is going on, under the able direction of their Managing Director on the other side, Mr. Harold Wyley, who is, I believe, one of the best-known and most successful mining engineers in Canada. That the New Golden Twins will prove a veritable gold mine for its shareholders I have no doubt whatever: and in this connexion you will perhaps remember that outside of the reports published with the prospectus, independent testimony was given to the value of the property in several papers, which specially referred to the Golden Twins. Two days after the list closed an interview appeared in one of the papers with General Webb, an American, who was staying here in one of the big hotels—the Hotel Cecil—and he says in his interview: "Rich discoveries of gold have been made about thirty miles from a station called Bonheur, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the Rainy River district, and people talked with bated breath of the richness of the Folger Dyke, Golden Fissure, Golden Twins, Hawk Bay, and other rich finds, whence gold had been taken yielding from \$5 to \$100 to the ton." The General goes on to say that as the rush continues the Ontario Eldorado may prove a dangerous rival to Klondyke. That is absolutely independent criticism, and I think it is worth while to take notice of it, in view of the fact that we issued this Company. On the promotion of this Company we made a very handsome net profit—sufficient to pay you 20 per cent. dividends for some time to come. Another successful and very important operation carried out under the guidance of your advisory Board is the acquirement of a large river frontage for wharfage and warehousing at Fort Wrangel. This you may, or may not, know, is the starting-point of the Stickeen route for Klondyke—a route which avoids all passes and rapids, and is sure to be the recognised route, it being such an easy one. The rush that will take place there in the coming spring will result in this Company reaping a rich harvest from the rent and dues we shall exact for wharfage and warehousing. There is no speculation about an investment of this kind. It does not run away, and it insures a certain and

a speedy return. We have also just agreed to acquire, in conjunction with the Dawson City Corporation, a half interest in a wonderfully rich gold placer property at Cariboo, British Columbia. This half interest we have acquired on exceptionally advantageous terms, and this is a deal from which, we are informed by independent reports, the speculative element has now passed. The returns are expected to be so rich that it is doubtful whether we shall ever ask anybody but our own shareholders to participate in them. Now, gentlemen, I do not know that I can say anything more about the past. I have already dealt with the three transactions in which we were interested. I have only one more duty to perform in that connexion, and that is to declare a dividend in cash of 2s. per share, on which, as you know, tax has been called up. This is equal to 20 per cent. We could pay a very much higher dividend if we chose, but we have deemed it more prudent to start with a moderate declaration. There will be time enough to declare a bigger dividend at the end of the financial year. The dividend warrants are now being printed, and will be distributed to you in a few days.

THE FUTURE OF THE COMPANY.

As to the future, we have numberless proposals before us, and are now only awaiting the arrival of Mr. Boscowitz, our managing Director in British Columbia, who will go through them with us. He has a very intimate knowledge of many mining and other valuable properties there, and I think it is to the advantage of the shareholders that we should take the fullest advice we can from him on these matters before deciding definitely. With regard to the immediate future, however, I should like to bring to your special notice an exploration company in which we have also acquired a promotion interest, and which will be issued to the public a few days hence. This exploration company, of which you will receive an advance prospectus on Friday morning, has been formed principally for operating in the Rainy River District of British North America, of which I have no doubt you have noticed that many favourable reports have recently appeared in the papers. This exploration company has acquired the option of a purchase of a very important town site on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, where they have a station and are building a new one. I propose to read a few particulars culled from the prospectus, but I am not going to tell you the name of the town site. I may say, however, that it is described as a coming city of Western Ontario; it is the centre of a mining district which for richness and extent of territory combined, they say, is hardly to be surpassed in any country in the world, and it is also the only town between Lake of the Woods and Lake Superior on a navigable lake. It is also the gateway of the Manitou goldfields. Further, it is said that it is destined not only to become an important mining centre, but, owing to its favourable situation, it will become a popular summer resort; in fact, it is stated to be beautifully situated on an island-dotted lake, and that it gives a magnificent view of the surrounding country for miles in extent. As I have said, it is already on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and I may add that a branch line of railway is proposed to run from this town south through the Manitou Lake country to the Rainy Lake in the Seine River, which will materially assist in the opening up and development of the surrounding mining districts, and will very obviously add to its importance as a commercial centre. There are already over 100 two to three story buildings erected, so that you can almost call it a town even now; but I believe that this exploration company intend to erect buildings and to start stores for the supply of goods, &c., for the many miners and other inhabitants who will flock there from the adjoining districts. With the prospectus to which I have referred a map will be sent to you which gives in colours the gold countries around the town. You will also receive a plan, with all the town lots numbered, with the streets defined, and showing that the whole length of the town faces the lake. The Directors further state in their prospectus that they consider the purchase of lands and the erection of buildings in a rising town is one of the safest, as well as one of the most remunerative, forms of investment. It will be for you and the other shareholders who are not present, when you see the prospectus, to say whether you will invest in the shares of this Company.

AN ASSURANCE FROM THE BOARD.

All I can assure you is that, as we have a promotion interest in the concern, we have gone very thoroughly into all the facts set forth in the prospectus, and we genuinely believe it to be one of the best investment likely to be offered to you or the public for some time to come. I have just one or two other remarks to make before sitting down. I have to tell you that the Company has instructed its brokers to apply to the Stock Exchange Committee for a special settlement and quotation of the Company's shares, and they inform us that they believe both will be granted. I may further tell you that our Company—the Klondyke and Columbian Gold Fields, Limited—is one of the very few Columbian properties quoted daily in the London and provincial papers, as well as in the financial papers. Most of the companies are quoted in the financial papers, but very few are quoted in papers like the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, etc. And I would like to say further that this quotation which appears in these papers is not simply a nominal one, several thousands of shares have already been dealt in since the issue of the Company. That is all I need tell you, except to assure you that your Directors will always endeavour to continue to pay you such dividends as we have announced to-day.

The Chairman then invited questions, but none were asked.

Mr. Taylor proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding, and to the Directors generally for having so far studied the interests of the shareholders as to be able in so short a time to declare what he thought all would agree was a handsome dividend. (Hear, hear.)

The motion was carried unanimously, and the Chairman having briefly acknowledged the compliment, the proceedings terminated.

THE BARNATO CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED.

ABBREVIATED REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS,

Presented at the First General Meeting, held at Johannesburg, S.A.R., on September 29, 1897.

GENERALITIES.—In accordance with Article No. 131 of the Articles of Association, your Directors have pleasure in laying before you a statement of the income and expenditure, and a balance sheet containing a summary of the properties and liabilities of the Company, made up to August 31, 1897, together with the report of the Directors.

FORMATION OF THE COMPANY.

The Company was formed on July 23, 1895 and the Articles of Association were duly registered under the Limited Liability Laws of this Republic on July 26, 1895, and provide that the first general meeting of the shareholders should be held within two years after the registration of the Company.

CAPITAL.

The nominal Capital of the Company at the time of formation was £1,250,000, divided into 1,250,000 shares of the nominal value of £1 sterling each, of which 1,000,000 were issued, in accordance with the agreement for the formation of the Company, to the Vendors for the purchase of the properties and rights which are specified in such agreement, and are detailed below, the remaining 250,000 shares being held in reserve for issue by the Directors in accordance with the Articles of Association. Since the formation of the Company 95,000 Shares out of the Reserve have been issued for the purchase of certain rights, which are also specified in the latter portions of this Report, and 7,500 further Shares were sold for cash, realising £18,751, as shown in the accounts, a profit being realised upon this operation amounting to £11,251, which amount has been carried to a special account to be dealt with as may be later determined. It will be seen from the accounts that there thus remain in reserve 147,500 Shares, which Shares, when times are opportune, will be offered to Shareholders, or applied in such other manner as the Directors may decide, with the view to providing Working Capital for the necessities of the Company.

PROPERTIES.

The Properties which accrued to this Company upon the flotation of the Company are as follows:—

SCHEDULE A.

Number.	Name of Property.	Approximate Number of Claims.	What Interest.
1	Aurora Deep Level ...	47	One-half.
2	Lowrey Claims ...	434	One-half.
3	Susan Jane ...	12	Whole.
4	Barrard and Dirksens ...	83	Whole.
5	De Meillon Haines Claims, alias Klein Paardekraal Claims ...	14	One-third.
6	A. L. Syndicate ...	19	One-third.
7	Union Syndicate ...	100	One-third.
8	Kitsey Syndicate ...	86	One-third.
9	Cohn's Claims ...	68	One-third.
10	Oreus D.L. No. 1 Block Do. No. 2 do. ...	40	One-half.
11	Langlaagte Claims ...	67 and water-right 144	85 per cent.
12	Vogelstruisfontein Claims ...	13 and water-right 309	63 75 per cent.
13	Alpha Claims ...	38	Two-thirds.
14	Rand Exploring Syndicate ...	142 claims as held under present contracts.	Whole.
15	Heriot and Jampers D.L. ...	21	Five-twelfths, subject to deduction of interests disposed of under contracts.
16	Donian Claims ...	21	One-third, subject to deduction of interest disposed of to J. Stroyan.
17	Klippfontein Claims ...	64	One-half.
18	B. L. K. Syndicate ...	106	85 per cent.
19	Chimes Mines, Limited ...	84	One - half interest in 90,000 shares in the Chimes Mines.
20	Van Diggelen Claims ...	159	57 per cent.
21	Morse Claims ...	71	One-third.
22	Michaelis Claims ...	9	One-third.
23	Goodman and Potter ...	96	One-third.
24	Berlin's Claims ...	84	One-third.
25	Alpine ...	19	Whole.

PROPERTIES SINCE ACQUIRED.

SCHEDULE B.

The Properties since acquired by the Company consist of the following:—

Number.	Name of Property.	Approximate Number of Claims.	What Interest.
1	Kleinfontein Deep Claims	426	Whole.
2	Princess Claims ...	107	Whole.
3	Main Reef Deep ...	33	Whole.
4	First Netherlands Mynpacht ...	Equal to 140	13-16ths.
5	Molly Nigel	213	Whole.
6	Cyferfontein Coal Mine ...	—	—
7	Orkney Estate ...	—	—
8	Blue Block ...	7	75 per cent.
9	Little Kent ...	10	75 per cent.
10	Catherine 1st and 2nd Blocks ...	24	75 per cent.
11	Pandora North ...	12	75 per cent.
12	Pandora ...	12	75 per cent.
13	United ...	12	75 per cent.
14	Fairview, 1 and 2 ...	24	75 per cent.
15	Princess ...	19	75 per cent.
16	North Alpine ...	15	75 per cent.
17	Duiker ...	28	Whole.
18	Folka ...	11	Whole.
19	Southern Cross Low Level	41	Whole.
20	Van Diggelen Claims ...	—	43 per cent, making the whole.

CHIMES MINES, LIMITED.

This Company was reconstructed by the Barnato Consolidated Mines Limited, and upon the reconstruction the 426 claims known as Kleinfontein Deep were included in the property, and the property of the Company thus consists of some 510 claims on the Farm Banoni, practically the whole of the Shares in the Chimes Mines, Limited, belonging to this Company.

The operations of the Chimes Mines, Limited, have been confined to boring for the purpose of locating the various reefs. The result of the boring operations is shown in the report of Dr. Hatch, which will be found in the full report:—

"In pursuance of your instructions I visited, last week, the property of the Chimes Mines, Limited, and made an examination of the core obtained in the borehole now being put down by that Company. I also examined the neighbouring properties (the New Kleinfontein, the Kleinfontein Central, and Chimes West), in order to obtain information to enable me to prepare a plan and cross-sections showing the course of the Chimes and Main Reef series on their dip. I now beg to submit my report on the boring operations, and a vertical section of the strata passed through by the borehole down to a depth of 3,000 feet. The cross sections and plan above referred to are not yet complete, but shall be submitted to you as soon as they are ready.

"The borehole was in quartzite formation, with occasional small bands of shale down to a depth of 1,733 feet, at which depth it passed into a strong shale formation 112 feet thick. Two dykes or sheets of igneous rock were passed through in this formation, as indicated on the plan. At 2,501 feet the borehole passed again into quartzites, continuing to a depth of 2,831 feet, at which point igneous rock was again encountered. The borehole has continued in igneous rock down to its present depth, namely, 3,000 feet."

RAND CENTRAL GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

This Company was floated by the Barnato Consolidated Mines, Limited, for the purpose of taking over certain 249 Claims formerly belonging to the Gaaf Syndicate, Limited, and situated on the Farm Leeuport, in the district of Boksburg, the nominal capital being £250,000 in £1 shares, 125,000 of which were issued fully paid in purchase of the property. 75,000 being guaranteed at par by this Company for itself and another for Working Capital, and the balance forming a reserve.

Although the reefs opened up by the work undertaken were promising, the Directors deemed further expenditure at the time, and under the circumstances, would be better suspended, and work was accordingly stopped.

ORKNEY ESTATE.

This property, although nominally a Company, really is the sole property of the Barnato Consolidated Mines, Limited, this Company having purchased it for 15,000 of its shares.

The following is an extract from the report in October, 1835, made by Mr. G. W. Starr, Consulting Engineer to the Company:—

"SITUATION.—The property is situated on the Farm Witkop, in the Potchefstroom District, about nine miles from Klerksdorp.

"EXTENT.—The property has an area of some 1,500 acres, being a part of one-half of the Farm Witkop; it also includes a mynpatch of 230 morgen. The Company also possesses a reef, which connects the mynpatch with the river, thereby giving a frontage on the river for a considerable distance, and an unlimited water supply from the Vaal River.

"TRANSPORT.—Transport of machinery and direct imports can be made from Vereeniging, a distance of about 60 miles. Timber, &c., can be bought at Klerksdorp and transported reasonably.

"COAL.—Good coal can be procured at Gwenfontein Farm, in the Orange Free State, about six miles distance, at a cost of about 23s. per ton.

"MINE.—Your mine is situated about one half-mile from the Vaal River, on the southern part of the mynpatch, and has been developed by a series of shafts, incline and vertical, and several levels driven from the incline shafts. I made a careful inspection of the workings, and found that they were very irregular in character, owing to the disturbed nature of the ground. The average width of reef is about 3 feet of milling ore, and from a series of samples taken I find the average fire assay to be 5 dwts. 18 grs. The mine has been worked by four incline shafts, and, as the reef makes the turn of a horseshoe, the shafts dip towards each other.

"The reefs being of low grade so far as exposed, no work has been undertaken on the property at present."

LINDUM GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

It will be seen from the Schedule of Properties acquired since flotation that a thirteen-sixteenths interest in the First Netherlands Mynpacht at Rietvlei was acquired for 11,600 of the Reserve Shares of this Company, and the Lindum Gold Mines, Limited, was formed to acquire the interest held by the Barnato Consolidated Mines, and to consolidate it with others.

The nominal capital of the Company is £500,000, of which 400,000 shares were issued to the Vendors and promoters in consideration of the transfer of the property, and for the guarantee of the issue of the remaining 100,000 shares at par for Working Capital. The shares received by this Company in consideration of the transfer of their thirteenth-sixteenths interest in the Mynpacht were 67,337.

CONSOLIDATED MAIN REEF MINES AND ESTATE, LIMITED.

The following interests, specified in Schedules A and B, have been disposed of, and now form part of the Consolidated Main Reef Mines and Estate, Limited:—

Lowrey Claims.—An extent of ground forming a portion of this block, in area approximately 16 claims, in which this Company held a half interest, leaving an area in extent of nearly 30 claims, in which the Company holds a half interest.

The De Meillon Block, in which this Company held one-third interest.

The Haines Block, in which this Company held one-third interest.

The A. L. Syndicate Block, in which this Company held one-third interest.

The Union Syndicate Block, in which this Company held one-third interest. Cohn's Claims, in which this Company held one-half interest, together with the

Main Reef Dip, which this Company acquired (see Schedule B).

The consideration which this Company received for its interests in the above being 90,674 Shares in the Consolidated Main Reef Mines and Estate, Limited.

In addition, this Company received 15,231 Shares out of the 100,000 Shares set aside to provide Working Capital, and which were subscribed for by this Company jointly with Messrs. S. Neumann and Co., Abe Bailey, and the Consolidated Goldfields at the price of 35s. per Share.

This Company undertook to subscribe for 15,045 Shares jointly with others, at the price of 35s., receiving an option over 39,825 Shares at 40s. for a period of 18 months.

The Registered Capital of the Company is £800,000. The issued Capital is £711,500, leaving 88,500 Shares in reserve.

THE BARNATO CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIM.—continued.

The position and prospects of the Company were most effectively summarised in the speech of the Chairman, at the meeting held on August 19, and are full of promise for the future. A 30-head mill and cyanide and alums plant will, it is expected, be ready to start about the beginning of January next.

JUMPERS DEEP, LIMITED.

The property known as the Heriot and Jumpers Deep Level and the Donlan Claims, mentioned in the Schedule of Assets of this Company upon flotation, were incorporated later in the Jumpers Deep, Limited, in consideration of the issue to this Company of 28,613 shares in the Jumpers Deep, with the right to subscribe for 14,307 further Shares at par.

The reports of the work done on the Jumpers Deep are published from time to time by the Directors, and full information as to the progress of the work done is available.

The property thus incorporated with an already working Company has by no means lost value by being included in a big working scheme. Our interest is not decreased in value, is in a liquid form, and the Shareholders in this Company are able to look forward to a more immediate return for the capital expended upon the property than would have been possible had the claims been worked under any other scheme for dealing with the property. Four thousand shares of this Company's holding in the Jumpers Deep have recently been sold at £5 each.

THE NORMANDY EXPLORATION COMPANY, LIMITED.

This Company was formed to exercise the option held over a large block, comprising 10 farms, in the district of Waterberg, being in extent about 66,000 acres. The former owners of the property had found gold, and very large reefs exist upon the property; but the small amount of prospecting work which has been done has not up to the present exposed payable reefs, but the extent of reef-bearing country is very large indeed. The Company's holding is about one-fifth of the whole Company, being 64,890 shares out of a total issued capital of £300,000. The conditions which have existed in the northern parts of the Transvaal during the past 18 months or two years prevented any useful work being done on the properties.

CYFERFONTEIN COAL MINE.

The Company holds the coal-rights over a portion of the Farm Cyferfontein, Greylingstad, close to the railway. Arrangements were made for the lease of the working rights to a company in the neighbourhood, and during the mining operations conducted by that company a considerable amount of coal was extracted from the mine, on which royalty was received by this Company. With the revival of mining operations in the Heidelberg district there will be again an increased demand for coal, and the Cyferfontein interest should prove a profitable one for this Company.

VAN DIGGELEN BLOCK, RIEFFONTEIN.

The interest which the Company acquired in these claims upon flotation was 57 per cent., but subsequently the outstanding interests, equal to 43 per cent., have been acquired for the Company for cash payment, this Company now owning the whole block of claims.

After litigation as to the extent of the property, the area has been determined by the High Court as 132 claims. An action against the original Vendor for recovery of the area of 27 claims is pending. No work has been done upon this property.

PROSPECTING OPERATIONS.

The Company has since its formation taken up a number of claims and properties upon option for the purpose of prospecting and dealing with the same should they turn out satisfactorily. The Directors are unable to report that the operations so far undertaken have given any valuable results, and in view of the high prices asked for many of the claims it was deemed advisable rather to give them up than to persist in holding claims the value of which did not justify at the present time further expenditure upon them.

DELAGOA BAY LANDS SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

This Company acquired an interest in certain properties in and about Lourenço Marques, Delagoa Bay, in the Portuguese territory, and jointly with others floated the Delagoa Bay Lands Syndicate, Limited, with a nominal capital of £50,000, of which 50,000 shares were issued to the vendors in satisfaction of the purchase price, the shares accruing to this Company being 6,250. None of these shares have been disposed of, as will be seen from the accounts.

RAND EXPLORING SYNDICATE, LIMITED.—FERREIRA DEEP LEVEL.

The interest which the Company acquired upon its flotation in the property now vested in this Syndicate amounted to five-twelfths, subject to certain deductions in consequence of contracts which had been entered into, and the exact interest now held is equivalent to something like 53 claims, the whole block being 142 claims.

Development operations have now been commenced upon this property, after an unavoidable delay owing to litigation in reference to the title to the property. As is well known, the title of the Rand Exploring Syndicate has been successfully defended in every case, only one case, referring to a very small area (some four claims in extent), remaining to be disposed of.

The operations upon the property commenced are the sinking of two main shafts and the erection of the necessary buildings and plant in connection therewith.

The value of the Company's holding in this property is a very considerable one indeed, as a careful examination of the reports of the Ferreira (the principal outcrop Company in the neighbourhood) will clearly show.

PLAN.

With this report is issued a plan showing the situation and extent of the various properties owned by the Company, or in which it is interested.

Your Directors have to record with the deepest regret the lamentable and unexpected death of the late Mr. B. I. Barnato, one of the founders and a permanent Director of the Company.

H. M. NOBLE, Director,
For Johannesburg Consolidated Investment
Company, Limited, Secretaries.

Johannesburg: September 28, 1897.

BALANCE SHEET, AUGUST 31, 1897.

CAPITAL AND LIABILITIES.			
To Capital Account—			
1,250,000 Shares of £1 each	£1,250,000	0	0
147,500 Shares of £1 each in reserve	147,500	0	0
	£1,102,500	0	0
1,102,500			
Share Premium Account—			
Profit on 7,500 Reserve Shares sold	11,251	0	0
Sundry Creditors			
Subsidiary Companies for Working Capital, Advances, &c.	135,231	17	3
De Nationale Bank, Limited	173,960	19	0
	£1,422,993	16	3

PROPERTY AND ASSETS.			
By Claims and Water Rights—			
1,554 Mining Claims and three Water Rights	£930,100	8	9
Orkney Estate—			
Portion of Farm Witkop, District of Potchefstroom, in extent 1,600 acres, including Mynpacht 460 acres	16,785	1	0
Shares—			
325,000 Chimes Mines, Limited, Shares of £1 each			
115,957 Consolidated Main Reef Mines and Estate, Limited, Shares of £1 each			
6,250 Delagoa Bay Lands Syndicate, Limited, Shares of £1 each			
38,920 Jumpers Deep, Limited, Shares of £1 each			
6,267 Leeuwpoot Gold Mining Company, Limited, Shares of £1 each	444,252	0	5
67,337 Lindum Gold Mines, Limited, Shares of £1 each			
64,890 Normandy Exploration Company, Limited, Shares of £1 each			
125,000 Rand Central Gold Mines, Limited, Shares of £1 each			
Office Furniture, &c.	118	0	0
Sundry Debtors	1,932	13	4
Petty Cash	5	17	0
Profit and Loss Account Balance	29,793	15	9
	£1,422,993	16	3

S. B. JOEL, Chairman.

THE JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, Secretaries,
Per H. M. NOBLE.

Johannesburg, September 27, 1897.

We hereby certify we have examined the books and vouchers of the Barnato Consolidated Mines, Limited, and that the above Balance Sheet is a true and correct statement of the position of the Company at August 31, 1897. We have also verified the securities.

Johannesburg, September 27, 1897.

JOHN MOON, F.S.A.A., Eng., } Auditors.
J. P. O'REILLY, }

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR PERIOD FROM JULY 26, 1895, TO AUGUST 31, 1897.

Dr.			
To Directors' Fees...	£3,222	12	0
General Expenses	675	11	6
Stationery, Printing, and Advertising	2,025	18	11
Legal Expenses	436	19	6
Preliminary Expenses	220	11	8
London and Paris Office Expenses...	1,166	12	10
Management, Consulting Engineer, and Surveyors' Charges	8,637	19	2
Interest	9,530	8	6
Cost of Options and Prospecting Operations	£25,916	14	0
	14,193	17	9
	£40,110	11	9

By Profit on Shares Sold			
By Profit on Shares Sold	£10,310	16	0
Balance	29,793	15	9
	£40,110	11	9

S. B. JOEL, Chairman.

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, Secretaries,
Per H. M. NOBLE.

Johannesburg, September 27, 1897.

Examined and found correct,

JNO. MOON, } Auditors.
J. P. O'REILLY, }

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